

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 445,000 Copies Sold Every Week

July 6, 1940

Registered in Australia for transmission  
by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE

3d





## America still carries the TORCH OF LIBERTY

Common ideals of freedom link Britain and U.S.A. to-day

WHEN America celebrates Independence Day, the glorious Fourth of July, this week, she will be closer in spirit to England than on any other day of the year.

For on that day America celebrates her historic declaration of the truths for which Britain and her Allies are fighting to-day—the right of every man to freedom and happiness.

America is actually celebrating the Declaration that broke her ties with Britain, but the spirit of liberty that inspired her breakaway is her strongest link with Britain to-day.

This year, the great day will have a deeper meaning, a more solemn significance. Events of the past weeks have burned into the American consciousness knowledge that the independence so proudly proclaimed is in danger.

On Independence Day, citizens of the United States remind themselves of the very essence of their democratic creed—the Declaration of Independence that proclaimed:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

THEY were Englishmen who sounded this trumpet of freedom, English colonists challenging oppression by an unjust monarch just as Englishmen had challenged it before.

They were descendants of the men who donned coats of mail to force King John to Runnymede and the signing of Magna Charta.

They were heirs of Englishmen who buckled on swords in the name of freedom to depose the Stuart Kings and who in time would curb the power of their monarchs and vest it fully in the people.

More, they were the forefathers of the heroes of Dunkirk and Calais and all those other Englishmen who are now

fighting again against doctrines and peoples who deny the right of every man to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Their cry in 1776 for these rights, though it was then a cry against the English Crown, finds an answering shout to-day in every British heart.

And not only to-day.

In those stirring times before 1776, thousands of Englishmen in the homeland were in sympathy with their kin in the American colonies.

They saw that the fight of the colonists was more than a local struggle, that it was part of the great battle for liberty.

And just as such Englishmen then looked west across the Atlantic to the new world, Americans in 1940 are looking east and telling themselves that to-day's fight in the Old World is their fight, too—the fight they began on the glorious Fourth of July 164 years ago.

Lincoln, in his day, reminded Americans that the sentiment of the Declaration "gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time."

"But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it."

That was how Lincoln felt about the spirit of the famous Declaration.

That was how the men who framed it felt.

Thomas Jefferson, a Virginian lawyer, is the one whose voice rings out most clearly.

He is the acknowledged author of the Declaration, drafting the document with the aid of a committee of four.

It was amended afterwards by John Adams and Benjamin Franklin and it is significant that one of the most important alterations was the deletion of a clause calling on the Americans to forget their former love for England and the English.

Benjamin Franklin, it may be remembered, is the man who left America these lines on which the citizens of 1940 may well ponder:

"They that can give up Liberty to obtain a little temporary Safety deserve neither Liberty nor Safety."



"They that can give up Liberty to obtain a little temporary Safety deserve neither Liberty nor Safety."

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

STATUE OF LIBERTY, symbol of freedom, which was presented to the U.S.A. by France to commemorate the centenary of American Independence.

### "Shall not perish"

ON the battlefield at Gettysburg in 1863, during the American Civil War, Lincoln spoke these words that have lived on to inspire lovers of freedom:—

"FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure."

"We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this."

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract."

"The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here."

"It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced."

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—AND THAT GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH."

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



LORD WOOLTON  
Good plain cooking

A VERY good plain cook, Britain's new Minister for Food, Lord Woolton, urges "one for each person and none for the pot" as the wartime slogan against waste. "I'm running the world's biggest shop," he says. "When I took office my first question was 'Is the food here?' I discovered it was."

He has divided Britain into 800 self-contained food areas.



MISS ELIZABETH GOVAN  
Social Service Director

FIRST director of the social service course recently established at Sydney University is Miss Elizabeth Govan, B.A. (Oxon.), M.A. and diploma of social science, Toronto University, Canada.

"Interesting aspect of this new venture is the backing it is receiving from the Education Department," said Miss Govan.



—Hammer & Co.  
MR. F. L. PARSONS  
Consular family

FOR 43 years, ever since the inception of the consulate, a Parsons of Adelaide has been Consul for Japan in South Australia. "I hope my son Langdon will carry on when I retire," says present Consul Mr. F. Lancelot Parsons.

All have received the Imperial Order of the Rising Sun, recently conferred on Mr. Parsons by the Emperor of Japan.

## Make this a page from your life



Born within every woman is the power to play the heroine in some love-story of her own. To the girl who would win such happiness, natural beauty is not so essential as the art of appearing fascinating and well cared for. And what helps more than a satin-soft skin! Even an ordinary complexion takes on a clear and lovely tone with Erasmic Face Powder—so fine and diaphanous it is heaven-sent aid to loveliness. And as you continue to use it, the fragrance of Erasmic will come to seem an inseparable part of you.

ERASMIC CREAMS  
Vanishing and Cold, 1/- Tube



ERASMIC  
face powder

E.3.37



# IS THIS the biggest Digger family?

Melbourne man has gone to war  
for wife and 13 children

Recently we published a story of Digger Dunlop, of Sydney, and his ten children, thinking his was a record A.I.F. family.

This claim was quickly challenged. Two fathers of eleven put in their claim, only to be silenced by Private Gadsden, of Northcote, Victoria, with a family of 13.



"OLIVIA, aged eleven, is as good as a grown person in the house," says Mrs. Gadsden. She helped to look after her mother and the new baby.



THE FINE Australian family for whom Pte. Frederick Gadsden is fighting overseas. Front row: Ernest (9), Mrs. Gadsden holding baby Frances, aged five days, Mary (2), and Dorothy (4). Middle row: Valda (1), Kevin (3), and Edda (7). Back row: Olivia (11), Joan (13), Joyce (18), Ted (16), Florence (20), and Freddie (13).

## By Our Victorian Representative

**PRIVATE FREDERICK GADSDEN**, a veteran of the last war now on active service, is fighting for thirteen blue-eyed boys and girls as well as for his smiling wife and his country.

The Gadsdens live in a single-fronted weatherboard house in Northcote, Melbourne.

Private Gadsden worked at the Northcote Brick Works as a machine rigger for seventeen years and gave up a good job at his country's call.

"He thought he had something to fight for," said pretty, blue-eyed, fair-haired Mrs. Gadsden, who seemed to take it for granted that her husband should go.

She was sitting up in bed when I called, looking thoroughly pleased with her thirteenth child, a five-days-old daughter.

"I think I will call her Frances Josephine," she said. "No, my husband doesn't know she has arrived yet."

"I wrote to him yesterday, but it will be weeks before he gets the letter."

"I saw the story about Digger Dunlop's family, and my friends told me I should write to you about it, but I didn't mind."

"After all, I don't know if ours is the biggest Digger's family in Australia, but it must come near it."

## Eldest is twenty

THE eldest is Florrie. She is twenty. Then come Joyce (18), Edwin (16), Joan (15), Freddie (13), Olivia (11), Ernest (9), Hilda (who will be 7 this month), Dorothy (4), Kevin (3), Mary (2), Valda (1), and the new baby.

"Since Father went off with the second convoy that wet, cold Sunday I have been receiving £4/11/- for myself and children—not as much as Mrs. Dunlop, as I only get paid for seven children."

"Four of the others are either over sixteen or else earning, so are not entitled to an allowance, and for some reason Freddie, who is 13 and still at school, gets nothing."

"But the new baby will be on the payroll now."

"It takes a lot to feed our family, but I am not complaining. The four eldest are all working."

"Florrie, Joyce, and Joan are all working at a Northcote factory, making boots for the army. Edwin has his first job; he's been at a cake factory out here for a few weeks. We get along pretty well."

Five bonnie, blue-eyed, fair-haired children filed in to have a look at the visitor.

They ranged from one-year-old Valda, who could only point admiringly at the new baby and murmur "Bubba," to thirteen-year-old Freddie, a bright, friendly lad who is learning wire-work at school and

"It is a good thing we have nine girls, I think, but Freddie says there are not enough boys."

"Every day is washing day here with so many babies, but I have three big washes a week and do a lot of baking. I love baking on Saturdays and Sundays, and we don't like bought cake."

"Everybody says, 'However do you get through your work, Mrs. Gadsden?' but I never seem to mind it."

"Of course I get up at six every morning. Edwin has to be at work at seven, and I have eight lunches to cut before school time. Four of the kiddies are going to Westgarth State School; it's just down the street. Dorothy will soon be going, too."

"All the girls are knitting. Olivia is knitting a scarf at school."

Here Olivia, a tall, smiling, eleven-year-old, broke in:

"And we will soon be knitting socks for Dad. We have a good plan at school. Everybody, girls and boys, brings a penny a week. The teacher buys wool and the girls knit for the soldiers."

Then Mrs. Gadsden took up the tale again as Kevin, aged three, Mary, two, and Valda, one, climbed on to the foot of her bed:

"Thank goodness they are all healthy and good. They all want to put something in Dad's letter every week. Kevin says he won't have to have a haircut till Dad comes back on the big boat, and thinks that all to the good."

## Large families

MR. AND MRS. GADSDEN both come of reasonably large families. Mrs. Gadsden was one of five, her husband one of eight. They have known each other all their lives and were married soon after he returned from the last war.

Private Frederick Gadsden and his brother, Private Jack Gadsden, enlisted together and are in the same clearing station.

Mrs. Gadsden's brother, Private Edward Duff, is also overseas.

Meanwhile Mrs. Gadsden and her thirteen handsome children carry on at home. They don't believe in unlucky numbers, anyway.

## NEXT WEEK:

## Lavishly-colored COOKERY BOOK

IN next week's issue The Australian Women's Weekly presents as a big, colored supplement a Cookery Book for Winter.

The cookery book is complete in itself and can be lifted out of the paper and kept.

Never before has color photography been so lavishly used to illustrate recipes, cooking ideas, and business advice.

The recipes range from dishes of the simplest and most economical kind to more sophisticated platters that will inspire your entertaining.

All the recipes have been tested by actual cooking by our cookery expert, and they are so simply and clearly detailed that inexperienced cooks may follow them with ease.

There are many carefully worked-out menus to help you in meal-planning. Among the special features is a double-page colored photograph of a buffet party spread, and with it valuable instruction on the planning and making of such a spread.

Recipes include quick dishes for busy housewives who are making time to do war-work, jam recipes for using the citrus crop, invaluable hints for cake-makers.

Make sure of adding to your cooking knowledge by getting The Australian Women's Weekly next week.

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW!

LOVELY  
LINENS  
turn YELLOW



... unless you  
give them the  
last rinse in  
BLUE water

The last rinse in Reckitt's Blue on wash-days is the only way to stop white things from turning yellow. Remember! Linens cannot be really white without the last rinse in blue.



**Reckitt's BLUE**  
Out of the Blue comes the Whitest Wash!

## A.I.F. families on parade

THESE are some of the largest families with fathers in the A.I.F.:

Pte. John Coulstock, of Belmore Rd., Blakehurst, N.S.W., twelve children under sixteen.

Pte. R. S. Prothero, of Walang, near Bathurst, N.S.W., eleven children.

Sapper W. J. Byrne, of Clusden St., Brighton East, Vic., eleven children.

Pte. Lionel Curtis, of Longford, Tasmania, ten children.

Sign. Harold Dunlop, of Marrickville, N.S.W., ten children.

has already supplied the house with toasting-fork, dish mop, and bill file. Next month he hopes he will be learning woodwork.

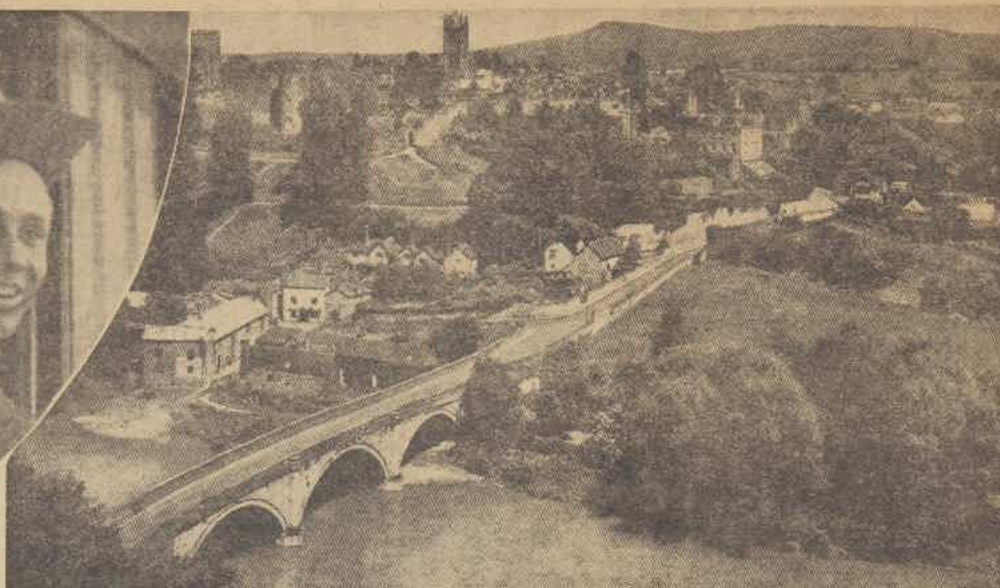
"Freddie and Olivia are staying home from school at present to help look after us," said their mother. "They are as good as any grown-ups and they have taken on a big job."



# A.I.F. boys like "THIS LOVELY ENGLAND"



WAVING goodbye to Australia, these lads of the A.I.F. did not know they were England-bound.



SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND. This is the sort of landscape that delighted the eyes of men of the A.I.F.

## LUX TOILET SOAP now lasts longer...

Have you tried the new firmer longer-lasting tablet of Lux Toilet Soap? Just the same luxury soap as before—the same abundant, creamy lather, the same fresh, delightful fragrance. And now so very economical in use that it's easily the best family bath soap to buy! Put a tablet in the bathroom and see.



"USE LUX TOILET SOAP FOR YOUR DAILY BEAUTY BATH. I DO. THIS MILD, GENTLE SOAP REALLY PROTECTS DAININESS AND YOU'LL LOVE THE DELICATE, CLINGING FRAGRANCE IT LEAVES ON YOUR SKIN. TRY IT!"

SAYS

Carole Lombard

A. S. LINDEN INTERNATIONAL STAR

WHY, IT'S LOVELY MISS LOMBARD—AND IT'S ONE REAL LUXURY THAT ANY GIRL CAN AFFORD. I'LL SOON HAVE A LUX TOILET SOAP COMPLEXION JUST LIKE YOURS!



Lux Toilet Soap is Supercreamed... gives a luxury lather

A LEVER PRODUCT

## Informality of Australians soon breaks down British reserve

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

"We're getting on well with the Tommies, because we act as though we came over to give a hand with the war and not as if we are going to win it on our own."

That's the opinion of Private Wright, of Latrobe, Tasmania, who is with the A.I.F. somewhere in England.

MOST of the A.I.F. here have not yet had leave to explore England or visit London, but they've had time to make up their minds about the country—and they like it. In a neighboring town near the Australian camp I had a chance to talk to a group of officers and men from all over Australia.

Major A. G. Kempton, of Deloraine, Tasmania, said: "The first things that struck us all were the garden-like appearance of England, the smallness of the holdings, and the neat appearance of the hedges."

Tasmanians claimed the country was not unlike their own island. "As one of my men put it," said Captain Geard, a hopgrower from New Norfolk, "Very like Tassie, but not so rugged, and they don't waste so much ground here."

Lieutenant W. F. Taylor, of Hobart, spoke for all when he said the English girls were generally most charming.

"We're all struck by the number in uniform," he said, "and all agree it adds to the girls' attractiveness."

### Drone of planes

ANOTHER point of agreement is on the excellence of the English beer, and as Captain Sharp remarked, "Fortunately the inns are close together."

Captain Sharp, of Melbourne, was formerly A.D.C. to the Governor of Tasmania.

The continual drone of scores of different types of planes, the barrage balloons above, the anti-aircraft defences, and the shelters scattered countrywide are a source of continual interest to our troops.

"An occasional air-raid alarm gives a sense of the reality of war, especially in the early hours of the morning when we have to take to the trenches," said Lieutenant J. G. Jackson, of Cloncurry, "but otherwise in this peaceful, beautiful countryside it is hard to imagine we are in the midst of war."

Private E. B. Connor said: "What gets me is the long twilight. My missus and I have spent most of our time in the bush. I'm used to going to bed at sunset and rising before dawn. Here it doesn't get dark much before 11 p.m., and the sun rises at 3 a.m., so I don't get enough sleep."

He added that he found the Tommies very kind. "There's nothing they won't do for us, and they're a well-disciplined lot."



LIEUTENANT J. G. JACKSON, who was interviewed in England.

Private Connor thought English girls were just as pretty as the girls at home. "They have better complexions, and for that matter, so have the men. On the whole I reckon this is a bonzer country by what I've seen."

Lieutenant Jackson was enthusiastic.

"There's so much to see here. In Australia we might drive for miles and the scenery would hardly change, but here something fresh and different comes with every turn of the road."

"The absence of good beaches impressed all of us who've taken a run down to the sea. I'm afraid we found them small, cold, and drab."

Captain C. A. E. Fraser, of Adelaide, said:

"British soldiers seem a bit scared of our chaps. Our fellows bowl up to anybody and start a conversation, but the Tommies seem very retiring. Perhaps it's because we are a tough-looking crew."

"WE'VE found Tommies very courteous," said Captain Braithwaite, a Mosman doctor. "They'll do anything for you, but they make your arm tired returning their salutes."

Captain M. C. W. Boucher, of Hobart, said: "Our men are finding out that certain phrases that have wide currency at home are likely to cause trouble here. In the canteen the other night an Australian who got the wrong drink said to the Tommy barman, 'I didn't ask for that, you silly cow,' and it nearly led to a fight."

"The Australian became very sore because he couldn't see what he'd said to create all that fuss."



# Lord Grebe Rides to Hounds

"My wife's hoppin' mad," declared his lordship, and his efforts to pacify her startled the countryside

Farcical Short Story

by

H. M. RALEIGH

**A**Ll those who have the good fortune to be acquainted with Lord Grebe, that middle-aged and eccentric pillar of the Upper House, are to-day united in asserting that he is, beyond doubt, the most popular figure throughout the length and breadth of the County of Loamshire.

At Slyme Court, his stately country retreat, where he and his charming wife Connie keep open house, there are to be found better food, better wine, and better company than are commonly to be discovered in the mansions of the rich and great.

The Peer himself, although perhaps somewhat cloth-headed, is noted for the suave courtesy of his manners and the brilliance of his conversation; and nowadays an invitation to one of Lady Grebe's weekend house-parties confers upon the lucky guest a definite social cachet.

And yet, surprising as it may seem, this was not always the case. There was a time, not so many years ago, when the County frowned upon the master of Slyme Court, his popularity was obscured by black clouds of suspicion and horror, and it was openly said of him that he was not quite right in the head. Happily, this phase was of brief duration, but while it lasted Lord Grebe and his wife were regarded as social pariahs by all but the staunchest of their acquaintances.

The whole distressing affair may be said to have owed its inception to an incident at the Milchester Agricultural Show, which is held annually in the autumn and attended by everybody of any consequence in the neighborhood. Lord and Lady Grebe were regular exhibitors, and it had come to be regarded as a tradition that her Ladyship should carry off the first prize in the vegetable marrow section.

When, therefore, the judge in this section, who in private life was one Brigadier-General Bloodthumper Todd, a Justice of the Peace and Master of the East Loamshire Hunt, attached a "highly commended" label to Lady Grebe's exhibit, and awarded the first prize to a farmer of the name of Mucklow, it was widely felt that a startling departure had been made from established custom. As a fact, the oversight was due to a lamentable absence of mind on the part of the General, who had lunched well in the marquee, but of this the public was unaware, and there was a good deal of uneasy speculation as to her Ladyship's probable reactions when she should come to learn of this shocking miscarriage of justice.

Connie was not long in making the discovery, and when she did so she wasted no time, but went in search of her husband, whom she found standing in rapt contemplation of the swing-boats.

"Ah, there you are, my dear," he said absently. "How about going for a ride in one of these things, what? It's years since I rode in a swing-boat."

Lady Grebe stamped her foot imperiously.

"Stop drivelling about swing-boats, Charles, and listen to me," she said. "Did you know that that unspeakable scoundrel General Bloodthumper Todd had given the first prize in the marrow section to Farmer Mucklow?"

The Peer regarded her dreamily. His thoughts were centred on the delights of swing-boat riding.

"What's that, Connie?" he said. "Mucklow? Good fellow, Mucklow; one of our best tenants; always pays his rent on the nail, and doesn't keep on badgerin' me about his drains."



"What's the meaning of this?" the General spluttered, as the elephant drew near, bearing the three huntsmen.

"Charles!" Lady Grebe almost screamed. "This is no time to talk of drains. Don't you understand what I'm telling you? My marrow has only been given a 'highly commended,' and that Todd creature has had the crust to award the first prize to Mucklow! I've never been so insulted in all my life!"

Lord Grebe came out of the ether, and blinked at her nervously through his eyeglass.

"Are you quite sure?" he asked. "I mean to say, old Bloodthumper Todd would never do a thing like that. Dash it all, I took three pounds off him at bridge at the County Club only last week! There must be some mistake."

"Mistake? There's no mistake, Charles. Everybody's talking about it. You'd better go and find General Todd at once and tell him he's got to put it right. When I saw him a few minutes ago he was swilling port in the marquee."

speak to you about this marrow business. Are you sure you haven't made some mistake in awarding the prizes, what?"

General Bloodthumper Todd eyed him with surprise not unmixed with annoyance. The whole world to-day seemed to be conspiring to dispute his decisions.

"What in thunder are you talking about, Grebe?" he barked. "I never make mistakes, confound it!"

"But dash it all, my dear chap," went on the Peer, "surely you know that Connie, my wife, always gets first prize for her marrow, and you've gone and given her a 'highly commended.' I don't mind tellin' you in confidence that she's as wild as a ferret."

The General glared at him defiantly. He had already been sorely tried, and he was rapidly coming to the end of his patience.

"Look here, Grebe," he said, "are you trying to insinuate that there's been anything corrupt about my de-

cisions? I awarded the first prize to the best marrow. That was my plain duty, and I did it. If your wife's marrow got a 'highly commended' it must have been a pretty good marrow, and she ought to be delighted."

"She isn't," replied Lord Grebe. "She's hoppin' mad."

"I can't help that, can I?" said the General, shrugging his shoulders. "If your wife's mad you ought to have her put away. Isn't she related to the Duke of Dillwater? I always heard there was something odd about that family."

Lord Grebe felt the veins on his temples swelling rapidly. He was not by nature a choleric man, but dash it all, this fellow was insulting his wife to his face.

"Look here, my dear chap," he said, "you can't go sayin' that sort of thing about Connie; somebody might hear you."

Please turn to Page 28





# ESCAPE

*Another instalment of our famous serial of modern Europe*

**E**MMY RITTER, former European actress, returned to her homeland, sold a property and diverted proceeds to America, where she had lived for many years with her children, MARK and SABINA. PREYSING. This was counted an act of treason and Emmy was sentenced to death.

Her letter to Mark forwarded by an old servant, FRITZ KELLER, brought him immediately to Europe. He could learn nothing of his mother's whereabouts, and was almost in despair when, through an American-born COUNTESS, he met DR. DITTEN, the surgeon attending Emmy in a prison hospital, and learnt of her pending execution. Ditten later decided to attempt Emmy's escape by giving her a drug to induce semblance of death. He tells Mark that he will sign the certificate. After that Mark and Fritz must take the body.

Now read on:

"YOU SEE," the doctor said, "now we've started it—and we have started it—we've got to go on. Now we must think what you'll do afterwards."

"I don't know. Perhaps I can think of something later. When the time comes."

"No, no. You must have it all planned beforehand. Let's begin with Madame Ritter. When the morphine wears off she will still be partially helpless. But all the time she'll be becoming less so. After about thirty-six hours she can do, within reason, whatever's necessary. But for that time you must have a place to put her where she can have rest in a warm bed. Haven't you got any friends here in the country?"

"No."

"What about the countess?"

"Out of the question," Mark said violently. "She'd never help me, for one thing."

The doctor thought of her for a while. "Yes, we must not involve her," he said. "It's not fair. Then you must find a way to get into an hotel. You must certainly take the coffin in a truck, not on a train. In the truck you can get her out of the coffin almost at once. You must have clothes for her. Dress her—warmly, of course. Warmth is terribly important. Aside from the danger of chill, the sooner you sweat it out of her, as I told you, the better."

"Should I give her stimulants? Brandy, say? Coffee?"

"No, no. Neither of them. Don't you understand? Digitalis is a stimulant. It's self-limiting. Leave her alone, keep her warm."

Mark looked at him with vague envy. How much he knew and how surely his knowledge was a vital part of him. The scholar that's somewhere in all of them served him harmoniously and with full obedience. He looked like a victor. Well, Mark thought, why not? As he says, he's begun it. I've got to go on.

"You might," the doctor said, "arrange what looks like a motor accident. Say you're in the truck and you find a woman lying in the road unconscious, struck by another car. You pick her up and get her into a little country hotel for a while."

Mark said, "We'd better not do anything to make the police notice us."

"I don't think that would matter much. For a short time. And it would have to be short in any case. Remember, she's not being hunted. The local, rural police will know nothing about her. Here she is dead—officially dead. No one is hunting for her at all."



Mark waited in silence while the two policemen scrutinised his passport.

Illustrated  
by  
VIRGIL

"I still don't know why you are doing it," Mark said.

"Don't worry about that," the doctor said jovially. "No one could ever tell you. To know why I did it, you'd have to know my entire life and my parents' lives and the lives of everyone I've ever met. You'd have to know every word ever said to me, every word I've ever said, what I've seen, read, thought about, done, even what kind of food I've eaten. But to put it simply, say that for the moment I'm like a cat who chews green stuff so as to purge his stomach of poison."

"I want to see you again," Mark said. "We can't let it go at this, you know."

"I'm afraid we have to. Yes, some day I'd like to be your friend,

get back, remember us. Remember it's easy to lose what you started with."

"Good-bye." Their words for it were "till we meet again," but they neither of them had any hope of that.

As soon as he got into the taxi, he knew he'd been made a fool of. He felt savagely angry with the doctor for taking him in, and with himself for being the dupe. "It shows," he thought, "how easy it is to work on a man who has reached a certain stage of despair." The doctor's madness had infected him. The doctor had been breathing madness for the last four years—madness and puerile conceits.

Yet he couldn't quite reject it either. Once it had taken form, he

literally caught napping. But he felt his state at once and opened his eyes.

"I didn't hear you come," he said. "You're very late. You ought to have told me you were going to be out all the evening."

He helped Mark off with his coat and took his hat.

Mark didn't like to begin and Fritz was puzzled. He saw that Mark was more excited now than sorrowful. He stared disapprovingly first at him and then at the floor.

Finally Mark said nervously, "Now about to-morrow. Have you done anything more about the burial?"

"I've arranged for the funeral service," Fritz said severely. "I've always been a good Catholic. The priest has no objection and the authorities have no objection."

Mark's eyes were shining and wavering.

Fritz went on with emphasis, "There is no law to prevent a criminal from having the burial service read. Madame Ritter was brought up a Catholic, though I must say she hasn't practised her religion for years."

Mark nodded. He wasn't thinking about the service now, and Fritz knew he wasn't.

"My brother knows you're here," Fritz said. "He's expecting us both some time Wednesday. I might add that he's also expecting a slight bonus for being involved in something that won't bring any credit to him, and I wouldn't be surprised if Father Alois wouldn't accept a little something for the parish."

"Oh, that's all right. Now, about the burial, where will that be?"

"In my brother's land." He added hurriedly, "There's a nice spot up at the edge of the forest." It was evident he hadn't been able to arrange for the graveyard. "There was some difficulty," he said evasively, "about the other."

"You're absolutely sure that there won't be any hitch about your

getting the body? They won't refuse to let you have it at the last minute?"

"I don't think so. Of course, nothing's absolutely sure. But I've signed all the papers. There's no reason they should change their minds. I wouldn't worry about that," Fritz added almost gently.

**M**ARK closed his eyes. Buried alive, he thought. Buried alive. No, no. Sweat broke out all over his body. Why didn't I think of that, too? I should have told that madman. But then he thought: He didn't mean it, anyway. It was all madness.

He opened his eyes. Fritz was looking at him with deep despondency.

"How will you know what time to go?" Mark said.

"I'll know when they telephone me. I left a telephone number that will reach me."

"Maybe they'll lose your number." "They never lose anything. It's on file. They're very careful about everything."

Mark took out a handkerchief and wiped his face.

"I think, Mr. Mark, you're going to be sick," Fritz said.

"No, I'm not. Don't be a fool. Now tell me the rest. You call at the camp for the coffin. How do you propose to get it down to the country?"

"I thought first of taking it by train. But if she's at the camp, as you say, a truck is the only thing."

"Would you hire a driver with the truck?"

"Of course."

"Can't you drive yourself?"

"Yes, I can. But then I'd have to put up a deposit for the truck."

"You're sure you can drive?"

"Didn't I drive Madame's car when she had one?"

"That was a long time ago. Have you driven since? Have you a driver's licence?"

Please turn to Page 34

## By ETHEL VANCE

but too many things would always divide us."

"You're a lot more than a friend already."

"You mean I'm a saviour." The doctor laughed shortly. "Well, that, too, would divide us."

Mark couldn't go on. He looked around the room, knowing he'd never be in it again, and tried to see everything in it so vividly that he'd never forget it. A man he didn't know and wouldn't see again had become his brother.

Suddenly he said, "I told Fritz to come to-night. He'll be waiting. If I don't get back soon he'll give up and go home."

"I'll call you a taxi," the doctor said.

When the taxi came, Mark turned and grasped the doctor's hand. "You know I'll never forget my debt."

The doctor shook Mark's hand up and down. "My regards to America," he said, "and when you

couldn't quite give it up. He couldn't forget the deep, strange confidence he had felt.

"I'll see Fritz," he thought. "Fritz, the cold and practical. He can put his finger on the weak spot in anything, because Fritz never listens to anyone, neither to the leaders nor to the followers. He keeps his mind on the pipes of the water closet and the electric-light wires and the poor quality of the bread. You can't tell him it's the bread of sacrifice and victory. There's no nourishment in it," he says. If Fritz were inclined to talk philosophically, he'd say there is no such thing as victory anyway; it's a word."

He paid the driver and ran across the wet pavement. He opened his door. There, under the staring light, sat Fritz.

His mouth was a little open and a gentle whistling came from between his lips. He looked very old and threadbare and faintly disreputable and comic. Old Fritz



# If I Were A Boy Again

by

## Dorothy BLACK

A world at war,  
and he thought  
himself too old  
to help

**T**HE autumn sun was full of dancing dust motes. It crept through the window of the cottage in the wood and showed the disorder in the room. There were a good many dirty plates and cups in the sink, and the table had the look a table gets when it has not come unset for some time.

Major Quinten, wearing a dressing-gown, surveyed the wreckage for a moment from the doorway. It was his own fault Mrs. Barty had gone for good the previous week. Yes, he had no one but himself to blame, but does that make it any better?

Mrs. Barty had gone, giving him a piece of her mind, and smartly breaking a plate. He ought to have humored her. He ought to have smiled, stilling his jangling nerves as best might be, while she charged round his kitchen like a penned cow, screaming at him like a news he did not want to hear.

Local gossip he put up with. He did not want it, but he could tolerate it: How Miss Grace Doran at Wyngates had dined at the manor wearing white satin, and gone to see the Queen, three feathers in her hair. And how the vicar had slipped and sprained his ankle, and Miss Jones and Miss Mallett had a crool row. That he could bear.

It was when Mrs. Barty started rambling about the Continent that it was too much for him. "That Hitler," shouted Mrs. Barty, over the washing up. "You'd never believe it, would you?" He put his hands over his ears. When he removed them, Mrs. Barty had moved farther south. "I must say, you can't help liking old Muslini," she went on. "Got a kind face, I always say, and so bald, too."

He was fed up; he shouted at her, "Shut up!"

Mrs. Barty turned on him a face like an affronted full moon.

"For heaven's sake, shut up!"

After that, she removed and folded her apron, and threw it on the floor. Then she gave him a piece of her mind, broke a plate and departed, alarming the front door so violently that the curtains fell down from the window.

Nothing in Peter Quinten's cottage was very securely fastened up. He hadn't any heart in it. That was a week ago. The curtains were still down. The pieces of broken plate still lurked about the floor. Peter occasionally played an involuntary game of football with some of them. For a week he had done nothing but sit and stare out between the tree boles of the wood, and wish he could die. Because England had need of men again, but not of him.

"Too old—too old!"

What business had they to say that? He wasn't old. Only forty-five, and as fit as he had ever been, except for occasional bursts of fever and his lame leg. There were a thousand things he could do.

In imagination he heard the feet of the young men marching. Marching to music, their bright faces turned to adventure and the old wild senseless excitement, which, though a man may deride it and cry it down, burns like a lamp in the heart of youth and is not easily blown out.

"Too old—too old," they had said. And the sun went on shining, and the birds singing, just the same. Just as if the world wasn't in a sad fix, and he, Peter Quinten, too old to be able to help it get onto its feet again.

What time it was, Peter neither knew nor cared. The clock had stopped, the wireless battery had run down. Peter felt ill and miserable. He got back into bed. Nobody wanted him, so the best thing would be to die quietly. If one could manage it. He fell into uneasy sleep



Illustrated by  
WYNNE W. DAVIES

born of fever and weakness, and dreamed he was leading Mrs. Barty back through the wood by force, to wash up for him. Halfway there she turned into a large kind cow, all red and white. She was wearing her apron still, and a girdle. A cow in a girdle, ha-ha! Really very funny.

He awoke with a start, aware, as people are, that something had roused him, without quite knowing what. He lay still. His inside roared for breakfast he had no intention of giving it. It came again, the sound he had not recognised in his state between waking and sleeping, and he knew it was a knock at the door.

He leaped out of bed, for he thought it was Mrs. Barty. Dear Mrs. Barty, repenting of her evil, come to succor him in her apron and girdle. He opened the door, prepared to fall on her neck.

**I**N the autumn sunshine a girl stood there. He knew who it was. Grace Doran, from Wyngates, who dined at the manor and had been to see the Queen. She was very pretty. Her hair was gold and her eyes were cornflower-blue. She looked neat as a new pin in her uniform and clean as if she had just come out of a bandbox. Peter Quinten gasped, aware of his seedy dressing gown and unshaved chin. He would have slammed the door on her and retired to bed, since only the very bold and the very daring

force their way in when a man is in bed. Evidently she had thought of that, for her foot was in the way. "Major Quinten?" she said.

Then he saw she had a list in her hand. "Yes!" he said sharply.

For one wild moment hope burned in his heart like a furnace, and for one wild moment he thought that his country had remembered him, and needed him, and had sent for him after all. Someone had said, in some mess, "What about old Quinten? An able chap, that."

"What is it? What do you want?" His voice shook with his hopes and his eagerness, and he tried to read the heading on her list. "Billeting officer," it said.

"How many children can you take?" she asked gently.

"How many what?"

"I'm awfully sorry, I know it isn't convenient, but you see—"

"Children? Me? My good woman, are you mad? Look at the place. Look at me. I'm here alone, old, sick, miserable, and you come asking me to take children."

She looked at him, and she looked at his house, and her eyes were full of pity. She surveyed the mess and the desolation and her eyes grew soft, and the corners of her pretty mouth trembled a little.

"It looks more as if you needed someone to look after you," she said.

"At least you have the sense to realise that," said Peter. He had had a bad fright. For one moment he had seen every bed, chair and sofa filled with a baby in arms, and himself wielding a battery of feeding bottles, and struggling in an entanglement of napkins.

"I'll do what I can for you," said Grace Doran. She looked as if

she wanted to say something more, but in the end she didn't. She held out her hand. "Good-bye," she said.

Peter took it and dropped it as if it were a bomb that might go off at any moment. Then he slammed the door so hard that the other pair of curtains fell down from the other window, and that was the end of privacy from the front.

His misery returned in sickening waves. He felt faint. Probably that was lack of food. His inside roared louder and louder, but he did nothing about it. There was no food in the place, anyway. Mrs. Barty had always brought his groceries and the milk. Since his row with her he had gone without, eating up what remained, and now the cupboard was bare. Nothing would induce him to go into the village and be forced to listen to the tittle-tattle and learn the news of a world that did not want him.

So he lay, a gaunt figure, until the afternoon sun began to sink and peep in through his window like an inquisitive eye. A little mysterious white mist began to wreath the woods like the end of a dream. A blackbird was singing its everlasting song that wrings the heart, and calls awake old memories that sleep. But presently it changed its tune and whistled, rather flat, "It's a long way to Tipperary."

There now, thought Peter Quinten, the fever is coming on again! He dozed a little, fearing the worst, and woke, sure of it. Standing beside his bed was a spruce bullet-headed boy, with round eyes like blue-glass marbles, and a short nose powdered all over with a lavish sprinkling of freckles.

"I got a note for you," said the boy, matter-of-factly.

Peter lay blinking, looking at him as the boy organised a search party over his person, which Peter now noticed was hung about with parcels, packages and bundles of every description. Peter took the note and read it. He still had the feeling that all this was a dream slightly fantastic, like the dream about Mrs. Barty, the girdle and the cow. He read:

Dear Major Quinten: I have done my best for you.

Yours sincerely,  
GRACE DORAN.

What that meant, you might well ask. Peter blinked, thinking it might turn into a bag of hot chestnuts. It didn't. The boy, too, remained. He was unhitching his parcels and packages most adroitly in the kitchen.

"What are you doing?" asked Peter, stricken with panic. "You can't stay here."

"Got to," said the boy, without malice. "Billeted here."

"But you can't. I tell you, it's preposterous. I'm ill. There's no one to look after you."

The boy paused in his work and looked up. "Cool!" he said. "Don't be soft. I don't need no looking after." He strolled around, his hands in the most idiosyncratic small pockets Peter ever remembered seeing. He was a good square hard-wearing sort of boy, with stout legs. "Got a nice place here, haven't you?" he said. "But cool isn't it in a muck!" His voice was shocked. Far from being afraid of Peter, he seemed to regard him merely as a piece of, perhaps, not very useful furniture about the place.

Peter, on the other hand, regarded him as a man might who finds himself shut in with a cobra. He was petrified by children in any form.

"Cool! Look at that," said the boy, shocked, picking up the curtains. "And orders to darken windows!"

From among his kit he produced a sheath knife, which he buckled on in businesslike fashion round his waist. Then he found a hammer, mounted a chair, and nailed the curtains in place. Peter lay speechless, feeling like one who has fallen into the hands of a goblin, who may or may not be benign.

"Like some tea?" said the boy.

**T**HERE is no tea here. I have told you—there is nothing here. No apples. No cake. Nothing for dinner or supper. No firewood." That should frighten him away. Boys, Peter remembered, lived for their stomachs.

"Well, there's a kettle. What's wrong with that? And don't we live in the middle of a wood?" said the boy patiently, as one who deals with the peevish and unreasonable. "I'll soon have a fire going. And I got two days' rations, like they said. I haven't eaten anything, 'cepting the chocolate and one apple."

Peter shut his eyes. This was fantastic. If he could sleep the dream would fade and change to another. But it didn't.

When he looked again, firelight flickered on the ceiling and the boy stood beside him with a cup of tea in one hand, and a plate on which two businesslike doorknobs of bread and butter sat cheek by jowl with some heavily currant cake.

"Cool, wasn't everything mucky?" said the boy. "I couldn't find anything to dry up with, so I used a hand towel."

Peter sat up. He ate the bread and butter and drank the tea. He felt better. Maybe the half of what ailed him, now, was lack of food!

"What's your name?" he asked.

Please turn to Page 14





Naomi watched Ivis standing close to Dan, looking wistfully at him.

NAOMI GARDNER stopped in front of the hall mirror and looked at herself a moment before going out on the porch. It was just a final glance to make sure that her hair was perfectly in place and everything about her all right.

She was a pretty woman, even beautiful, but there was something a little too restrained, too still about her face. There was something a little stiff about her anyway. People in town said she was stiff. "Naomi Gardner," they said, "is nice and sweet and kind to everybody but somehow she's a person you never seem to get very close to."

Naomi realised her own stiffness and fought against it though it was no use. Dan and the children knew how she felt about things and after all they were the only ones who mattered. She would have worked her fingers to the bone for Dan and the children, she would have died for them gladly, radiantly, and she knew they could see that in her face when they looked at her and it didn't matter how little others could see.

This afternoon she noticed again the few vivid streaks of silver that were beginning to show in her hair, though most of it was still very black. Not that she objected to getting old; she didn't. She counted each year of her married life as her richest possession and their accumulated number did not make her feel old but proud and vitalised rather than she possessed so many of them. Now after her afternoon nap and bath she felt very fine and fresh; even the becoming square cut of the neck of her dress gave her satisfaction. She wanted always to be becomingly dressed so that Dan would enjoy looking at her; she was still as eager to have him look at her as she had been the day they were married. She was thirty-nine.

She went out on the porch and sat down. She enjoyed looking at the green lawn. The silence of the orderly house behind her added to her satisfaction.

Up the quiet street were other houses and trees and all around was the distant hum of town. After twenty years, though, she did not feel completely at home here. You had to live here all your life and your parents and grandparents had to live here before you before you really belonged.

Her parents had lived here barely a year but in that year she had met and married Dan. Not long after that her father was moved back to the main office in Ohio. But she didn't mind being left here without her parents, in a town where she was still almost a stranger; nothing mattered but that Dan was really hers.

The paper boy came by and threw the modest little folded square. Naomi picked it up and read the headlines, then turned to the back page. Under the column headed Local and Personal she read:

Judge Ben Hardy was in Mayfield yesterday attending circuit court.

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Smith of Maple Avenue were guests of Mrs. Smith's parents in Paducah Monday and Tuesday.

Miss Ivy and Miss Noreen Dubois

will have as their guest their great-niece, Ivis Patterson, of New York City and Hollywood, California. Miss Patterson, famous star of stage and screen, will be remembered here as Miss Ivis Luten who visited the Misses Dubois a few years ago.

Naomi looked up from the paper. There was thunder roaring in her ears as if the house and all that she possessed had suddenly shattered down around her.

OLD Mrs. Gardner came down the stairs and through the hall. Her short almost babyish steps made a shuffling sound; she was past eighty. Dan was her youngest child. She came out on the porch and sat down in the little low rocker that had her black cushion in it. Then she asked, "Is that the evening paper, Naomi?"

"Yes," Naomi said and held it out to her. Her lips when she moved them felt stiff as if they would flake off like plaster.

"I don't want it unless you're through with it, honey."

"I'm through with it," said her stiff lips. "I've read it."

Mrs. Gardner turned directly to the back page.

"Naomi," she said suddenly, sharply, excitedly, "I wish you would listen to this: Miss Ivy and Miss

Noreen Dubois will have as their guest their great-niece, Ivis Patterson, of New York City and Hollywood, California. Well, I declare, I do declare. Ivis is coming back after all these years. Why, you and Dan have been married twenty years, haven't you? And this was before that. She's forty or more."

A car stopped at the kerb and Louise got out, then the car went on. Naomi got up and went swiftly into the house and upstairs to the bedroom. There she stood motionless in the centre of the room, holding the clammy cold palms of her hands to her cheeks. She heard the creak of the porch swing as Louise sat down on it. Then Louise saying, "Where'd Mother go?"

"She went in for something just now. Louise, you'd never guess who is coming to town?"

But Louise said, "I already know. Ivis Patterson. It's all over town. That's all we talked about at the party."

"I still think of her as Ivis Luten. That summer she was here she hadn't taken her stage name."

"I'm wild to see her. Everybody's in a twist over it. Though actually, Grandmother, she's not what she used to be. Her last pictures haven't gone over so big. She's getting too old to play young girl parts. Still it's thrilling to think she's going to

Complete Short Story

By

CURLIN  
REED

Illustrated by FISCHER

be right here in town. Daddy was terribly in love with her, wasn't he?"

"I reckon he was, honey. That was when we were still living in the old homeplace next door to the Dubois'. But Ivis was at our house as much as he was over there. He couldn't have a minute to himself but what she was right after him. Not that he didn't like it, I reckon."

"To tell you the truth we were all in love with her, she was such a lovely pretty vivacious little thing. Even then she was crazy about that dancing and acting. She had a kind of stage marked off in one end of that big attic in the Dubois house and she would dance and practise up there for hours. Dan used to go up there and watch her. He was the only one she would let come. That same autumn she went on to New York to take more lessons."

"Do you think she would have married Daddy if she hadn't been so crazy about the stage?"

"I imagine so. Who told you about your father and Ivis?"

Please turn to Page 20



# FASHION PORTEFOLIO

July 6, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## Be TROUSERED

SLACKS are unexpectedly making a dramatic appearance at social gatherings. The new season's styles feature sensational color combinations and a versatile range of silhouettes.



• Shirtmaker harem pyjamas bring a new glamor to your leisure hours—these are done in fine wool crepe, in royal-blue spotted with white and much gathered into a wide cummerbund of red-and-green twin spot.



• Drama at a cocktail party with a sugar-pink Oriental tunic of stiff corded silk teamed with violet slacks; Jersey turban and suede belt, also violet.

• For informal dinner parties, green velvet trousers, wide as a skirt and topped by a yellow silk jersey blouse with flowing sleeves and a broad suede belt in richest copper. (Left.)

RAIKY.



# **YOUNG and TAILORED**



● Briskly - tailored Matita model in royal-blue and white tweed. The double-breasted jacket is slightly reminiscent of the military trend, and the skirt features huge box - pleats. With it a casual yellow felt hat with royal-blue band.



● An eye-catching Dorville ensemble of huge dog-tooth check in red, blue, and black, with black velvet collar and pipings for sobriety. There's back fullness in the skirt, and pockets are set vertically in the seams of the front panel. (Above.)



● Dorville's tricolor alliance for spectator sports. The box-pleated skirt of purple tweed is topped by a shirt-blouse in bluey-green flannel, and over it a primrose wool canvas jacket with green and purple cross stripes. (Left.)



● Debutante suits by Dorville. The fair-haired lass favors a chocolate velveteen suit with basque jacket. The other young thing turns her back to display a purple tweed jacket and pleated tartan skirt. (Extreme left.)



# LAST-MINUTE FASHIONS

SKETCHED BY PETROV

Airmailed from London by MARY ST. CLAIRE



● A pelerine of brilliantly colored grosgrain, processed to emphasise its stiffness, is designed to be worn with wide-skirted evening frocks in pastel shades. (5.)

● Dramatic hostess gown in twin print taffeta—the top a shirtwaist with brief sleeves, the voluminous skirt drawn upward, tied at one side and draped at hemline. (1.)

● For spectator sports a short tweed skirt in turquoise, green, and yellow plaid topped by a hand-knitted sweater. The plaid is repeated in detachable pockets pendant from the belt. (2.)

● Huge trench pockets appear on a free-swinging swagger of sheared beaver. Deep cuffs on straight, loose sleeves are new, and are buttoned, as are the pockets, with brass buttons. (3.)

● For the snowiest weather, a reversible hood. Yellow, red, and green plaid with tie and edging of sheared beaver. The other side is beaver with plaid accents. (4.)

INDIVIDUAL, hand-cut patterns are obtainable for all dresses and ensembles sketched by Petrov and Rene, and overseas fashion photos. Price from 3/4. Send now for a free self-measurement form.

## How does she keep Healthy and Happy in WINTER

She's as healthy and happy as a schoolgirl—and her secret for Winter fitness—just Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.

If you follow her lead, you too will have bright eyes, a clear skin and radiant health the Winter through. Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone you up, gently stimulate the system and daily clear away food residue and other impurities.

So start taking Bile Beans to-night and keep gloriously fit and well, free from colds, chills and 'flu, during the Winter months.

By Taking

# BILE BEANS



"I feel that others should know how excellent Bile Beans really are. Ever since taking them I've had a feeling of fitness and health that carries me through the longest day. Bile Beans also keep my figure slender and youthful."—Miss J. Hart.

"I think Bile Beans wonderful. Taking them nightly has made all the difference to my appearance. My skin is a healthy colour, my complexion blemish-free, my eyes are bright, and I get up on a morning feeling rejuvenated."—Mrs. F. S. Britton.



# Fashion

## PATTERNS

**F1801**—Youthful bolero style, with broad cummerbund. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½ yds. 54ins. wide. Pattern 1/6.

**F1809**—Sophisticated frock with draped bodice and new cape effect. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½ yds. for frock and 1 yd. for cape. 54ins. wide. Pattern 1/6.

**F1769**—"Covered-up" trend for evening featuring the bustle back. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 6½ yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/9.

**F1765**—Simple but effective style for stripes. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36ins. or 3 yds. 54ins. wide. Pattern 1/6.

**F1774**—Tailored frock dramatised with a cape. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½ yds. for frock and 1½ yds. for cape. 54ins. wide. Pattern 1/6.

**F1754**—Slim style with flattering gathered bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½ yds. 54ins. wide. Pattern 1/6.

**F1966**—Slenderising frock with young-making yoke. 34 to 44 bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36ins. wide, and 1 yd. contrast. Pattern 1/6.

**PLEASE NOTE!**

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

### Special Concession Pattern

THREE enchanting styles for tiny tots. Sizes 1-2, 2-4, and 4-6 years.

No. 1—Frock: Requires 11 to 1½ yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 2—Coat: Requires 11 to 2 yds., 36ins. wide, and 1 yd. contrast.

No. 3—Frock: Requires 11 to 1½ yds., 36ins. wide, and 1 yd. contrast.

### CONCESSION COUPON

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State as under.

Box 138A, G.P.O., Adelaide  
Box 402, G.P.O., Brisbane  
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle  
Box 150, G.P.O., Perth  
Box 405W, G.P.O., Sydney  
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne

N.Z.: Box 405W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers, use money order only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

STREET .....

SUBURB .....

TOWN .....

STATE .....

SIZE .....

Pattern Coupon, 6/7/40.



# Gottings of the Week

## —by Miss Midnight—



• **JUST THAT TILT** for new cap before Ruby Gray and Carrie Anderson parade their W.A.N.S. uniforms at Town Hall.



• **HE'S THE LUCKY FIRST**, but the others will have their turn, as Kathleen Nicholls and Betty Parke distribute ice-creams to Day Nursery children at their picnic at the Zoo.



• **DISASTER AVERTED.** Threatened by a gust of wind, Jean Parker's bridal veil is caught by bridesmaid Olga Osborne as she arrives at St. Philip's for her marriage with Mervyn Powell, of Adelaide.



• **A CHICKEN DINNER** for holder of this lucky ticket which Mrs. Frank Sparrow draws at Benevolent Society party.

### Dictators beware . . .

"IT'S a pity Hitler's not in the midst of this," says an elderly woman with a vindictive gleam in her eye, as we fight for life and access to Town Hall at 7.15 on Tuesday night.

Feel like living proof of theory of survival of the fittest as I sink into Town Hall chair and listen to vague murmur, without, of three thousand odd women who haven't made it.

Can't blame them for feeling disappointed, because attending a Win the War Rally is best antidote I know for all accumulated bad news and rumors of a week.

Admiration for Lady Wakehurst deepens as I see her take the chair at this monster meeting without a tremor. Congratulations to Lady Gowrie, too, for inspiring words.

Climax of evening is address of Dame Enid Lyons, whose popularity is evidenced by the great burst of applause which greets even mention of her name.

Members of new W.A.N.S. have difficult task acting as ushers. Among them Betty Evans, Amber and Pam Bushell, Yolande Clarkson, and Mrs. Linda Littlejohn.

Lots of well-known faces in audience, too. I see Mrs. Claude Healy, just back from honeymoon; Mesdames Hubert and E. W. Fairfax, Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones, Dorothy Porter and Kathleen Cobcroft.

### In the air . . .

**HONEYMOON** in the air for air ambassador Cynthia Langdon Parsons, who chooses home city, Adelaide, for her marriage this Saturday with Dr. George Whitfield, of Brisbane, and afterwards makes a trip by plane.

Cynthia's an interstate figure, as her publicity work has made her known in every capital, but she claims that she just wants the quietest of weddings.

### Even they . . .

**NICE** to think that for once committee of a charity do get some fun out of the entertainment themselves. None of people organising Ice Matinee for Deaf, Dumb and Blind at Glaciarium last Thursday are skaters, so were able to sit back and enjoy the spins and twirls of the performers as much as general public, including me.

All arrangements for floor show left in hands of Mrs. Herbert Douglass and Mrs. Sid Croll, whose names of course are practically synonymous with skates. They produced a good collection of amateurs, too. Among them, young Sheila Moss in a solo; partners, Brenda Bradshaw and Margaret Hoban; and tiny tots, Jan and John Solomon.

Lady Wakehurst drops in to watch the performance and claps heartily with president Lady Davidson, Mrs. Dudley Hardy, and Mrs. Lennox Bode.

### Vote number one . . .

**MY** guess is that vote for prettiest bride of the season will go to Fairlie Anderson. She looks so charming as she tells me about her plans for marriage at St. Mark's with Sergeant Owen Windeyer. Although she chooses quiet ceremony, I'm glad to hear that she's not going to dispense with bridal array. Bouffant lace gown and off-white, billowing tulle veil to suit her fair complexion.

### A life's work . . .

**VERSATILE**, charming, youthful Mrs. Donald Rankin—until last week Dr. Paddy Kirton—has fitted into less than a quarter of a century more than most people accomplish in a lifetime. During student days at Sancta Sophia, always envy of contemporaries for well-groomed appearance, round of social doings, and success in examinations, yet managed to be one of youngest women graduates in medicine.

After that sallied forth to see the world as ship's surgeon in cargo boat, did post-graduate work in England and Eire, and returned, unruffled as ever, to take post as senior resident at Lewisham Hospital. Since then has practised for a while.

Now, quietly as possible, marries Don Rankin in chapel of St. John's College, University, where Don studied Law during Paddy's Med. student days. He's to be called up for R.A.A.F. soon, so we're waiting to see whether wife will set out to further distinguish herself in her profession.

### We hope so . . .

**HISTORICAL** sense apparently one of virtues of Legatees. They tell me they did not cancel their ball, although it was suggested, because they felt like Wellington on eve of Waterloo—on brink of victory. Their confidence rewarded, because 1100 think the same and attend—a record number for Legacy Ball. I get information in brief intervals of long programme worked out to the tick with military precision.

Twenty-three debutantes all have A.I.P. officer partners, including Lieutenants J. Hamilton, V.C., G. L. Carter, M. Tidswell.

Another military feature which impresses me is the Grand March of 1000 people. Herculean task of marshalling it belongs to Lieutenant-Colonel T. Farrow.

### Navy scores . . .

**SPECIAL** attention for navy by members of C.U.S.A. who, at request of naval chaplain Father Evans, last week formed auxiliary committee to work for men of Senior Service. Hear about it from secretary, Mrs. Harry Daly, who says that as well as making comforts and entertaining seafarers they'll do any other work that suggests itself.

Committee includes relatives of naval men. Mrs. Charles Du Val, whose son Bob is a lieutenant in Royal Navy, is president; and Mrs. James Flynn, wife of Australian naval surgeon, is honorary treasurer. Vice-presidents, Mesdames Bernard Kirton and S. Macnaughton.

### Have you heard? . . .

**IN** Hongkong: Captain and Mrs. George Moore and daughter Barbara.

Rada Penfold Hyland, holidaying at Paradise Bay, near Brisbane, is doing a lot of yachting and swimming.

### Or seen? . . .

**YOUTHFUL** lovely Molly Oxenham around town in company of Dalkeith's Ian McMaster.

Bentrice McGirr's sapphire engagement ring surrounded with circular cluster of diamonds from Tom Bateman.



• **TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.** Contrast in tailored uniform worn by Nancy Sydney Smith and smart furs of Andre Pelletier, who met at British Drama League cocktail party.



• **JUST MARRIED.** Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Cunningham arrive at Pickwick Club after wedding. Bride was Phyll Cochrane.



• **THE RIGHT PERSPECTIVE** as Margaret Lord, recently home from abroad, studies an exhibit at Swiss artists' exhibition.



• **DEEP CONSULTATION** between Mrs. F. C. Thompson and Lady Walder at Red Cross collection box meeting.



## Recipe for GOOD COOKING



# Add BOVRIL

to Soups, Stews, Curries  
and all made dishes

## for flavour and nourishment

How to keep  
false teeth  
stainless  
and sterilized



'Steradent' is a special cleanser for false teeth, and is very simple to use. Just put your dentures into a tumbler of water with 'Steradent' powder, as directed on the tin. This solution penetrates every crevice, dissolves film, removes even old stains and sterilizes your dentures by its own harmless, active energy. No risk of breaking or bending your plates through handling. Many people leave their teeth in this 'Steradent' bath overnight; others regularly for 20 minutes while they dress. Dentists recommend 'Steradent' and all chemists sell it in tins, 2/- and 3/6.



TRIAL OFFER: Send 2d. in stamps for trial supply to Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd., Box 2515 R.B., G.P.O., Sydney, and mention the name of this paper.

## Steradent

REGD. TRADE MARK

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

## If I Were a Boy Again

Continued from Page 7

"ERIC," said the boy. "What's yours?"

"Peter," said Peter, without meaning to.

"Coo, that's a good name," said the boy. "I once had a dog called Peter. He was ever so nice."

"I hope I shall come up to his standard," said Major Quinten coldly.

But sarcasm was lost on the boy. He had no inhibitions. "Well, Peter," he said. "I better get along. There's a good bit of cleaning to do."

Peter, gaunt but fully dressed, prowled round the house. The fire talked comfortably, the breakfast table was reasonably spread, rashers of bacon were cooking. The floor had been swept and mopped over.

"Sit down, Peter," said the boy. He stared at him, perhaps surprised by his size and gauntness now he saw him standing up.

Peter sat down and poured himself out some tea. This was not turning out as he had expected. He realised now how fatuous he had been when he spoke of being unable to look after a child. What did it matter? This child was quite capable of looking after him!

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Me? Nine," said the boy. "How old are you?"

"A hundred and fifty," said Peter bitterly. "Old, and useless, and finished."

"Go on!" said the boy, round-eyed. "Well, you don't look it."

"Where did you learn all this sort of thing?"

"Boy Scout," said the boy. "Bin one ever since I was a tiddler. That's why she sent me here—you know, the pretty one. Like Snow White. You go along and look after him, she said. 'He don't half need looking after.' And ooo, she was right!"

"She said that, did she?" Something stirred in Peter's heart. Something melted, and broke up, and stopped hurting him quite so badly. He had told himself nobody in the whole world cared for him or what became of him, and after all, somebody had thought about him. Just a bit.

"Now then," said the boy, scratching his head and planning out his menus. "Sausages for dinner. I got them. Cheese for supper. I got that, and cocoa too. To-morrow you'll have to get something more in."

The smell of sizzling bacon filled the air. Peter sat watching the boy's bullet head outlined against the fire. He thought, suddenly realising it for the first time, the young are fun. They are great fun. And so competent. A brat like this arrives, and pulls me together.

"What's your father?" asked Peter.

"He ain't my father. Not really. But he's a bargee," said Peter. "He can't 'arf swear. He said that with warm admiration. 'What's yours?'"

"A parson. Dead."

"I got a grandmother what's dead too. Grand flowers she had, when she was. Better'n anything she got when she was alive."

"It's often the way of the world," said Peter. After a pause he said: "Where's your mother?"

"Never had one. Least, not one I knowed," said the boy cheerfully. "Coo," he said, "if you was to shave all them whiskers off your chin, you wouldn't be half bad looking. Like Gary Cooper."

"Mind your own business," shouted Peter, seized with one of his swift rages.

The boy grinned. Maybe he felt sort of at home, hearing that. Quite like on the barges.

A fortnight later Peter hardly recognised his own face in the mirror. It had filled out, for after they had eaten up Eric's ration, the least he, Peter, could do was to replace it. He had to walk into the village to buy food, and the effort had given him an appetite to eat it. After that, he had had no more fever. But every day he was put to shame anew by his unexpected guest.

"Where'd we get firewood?" said Eric. "Why, chop it, of course." And he added, kindly, "I can show you, if you don't know how. Coo, fancy buying wood, when you live in the middle of a whole lot of it like us!"

He giggled.

Peter chopped wood, at first grimly hating it. It was so long since he had done anything of the kind. You got spoiled out East. You never raised a finger. At first he hated it. Then, suddenly, he began

to take a certain pleasure in it. And he knew it did him all the good in the world.

Presently Eric had to go off in the mornings to school. He always gave Peter minute instructions as to the jobs to be done in his absence. Peter tried hard to achieve them, grinning to himself. Remembering how he had pictured himself stranded, a helpless child on his hands. It amounted to Eric being the one who was stranded. A helpless man on his hands. And was he putting up a good fight?

It was towards the end of the first school week that the name of Ernie began to creep into the conversation. At first unobtrusively, like a self-sown seedling, then burgeoning somewhat.

"If Ernie was here we could carry them logs into the house without bothering you," said Eric, looking at the treetops with his blue-glass eyes. "If Ernie was here he would help me dig that patch. We could plant winter greens." He slashed at a passing wasp with his sheath knife, disabling it cunningly.

"And who is Ernie?" asked Peter, as it dawned on him he was meant to.

"Oh, he's just a kid. Kid that went to my school and came down here with me. He hasn't been lucky as I have. He didn't get a nice chap like you to live with."

"Oh, thank you for those few kind words," said Peter dryly. "And excuse my blushing, won't you?"

"Got an old woman, Ernie did. And she don't like kids. If you are a kid you can't help being a kid, can you?"

"I see no way out of the tangle, personally," said Peter.

"I suppose," said Eric, after a short pause, "you couldn't let me bring Ernie here? There's lots of room, and he wouldn't be no trouble. I'd see to him."

"I thought we were coming to that," said Peter grimly.

"HED behave himself. I'd see to that."

"But we have only two chairs. The other one has a broken leg," said Peter, clutching at straws.

"I'll moly it a new one," said Eric, starting at once on a broken broom handle with his sheath knife.

The chair did not stand quite straight, but it stood. There was nothing else for it after that.

Ernie proved to be a rabble youth with a running nose. His adenoids were so developed that he had practically invented a language of his own. Mercifully, Eric understood him. Eric listened professionally while Ernie emitted a series of strange guttural sounds.

"Ernie says he will clean your shoes for you," said Eric.

"Tell him I wish he would clean his nose," said Peter icily. But Ernie had neither the idea nor the handkerchief. Eric did it for him, ably.

"Where is he going to sleep?" demanded Peter, haunted by sinister fears he might find Ernie lurking in his bed.

"Coo, he'll sleep with me," said Eric. "Ernie don't take up much room. Now then, Ernie. You yike off your boots and don't come tramping mud over my floor that I've cleaned, see? Or you'll cop it."

Ernie bent, snuffling, and removed a pair of boots so minute Peter could hardly believe in them either. From where he stood they looked like a semicolon on the floor. He stood for a moment staring at them, then he walked into the garden, puffing at his pipe. If anyone had told him, a month ago, that he, Peter Quinten, would be keeping house with a couple of kids! But there you are.

He went back into the kitchen. Ernie, stripped to the waist, was being mercilessly washed by Eric in the wash kitchen.

"Now, Ernie, don't be silly," said Eric very fatherly. "You got to have your ears washed, whether you like it or not. See?"

More like a skinned rabbit than ever, Ernie in the nude. Peter stood in the doorway, pipe in mouth, watching them. If Myra had lived, he thought, we might have had a kid Ernie's age by now. But we'd have spoiled him. A little hardship is what kids want, and we love them too much to give it to them.

"Ernie?" called Eric from the parlor later. "You said your prayers? Well, say 'm.' He added, confidentially, to Peter, "Ernie's young—only seven. He don't know very much."

Please turn to Page 16



## Instantly REDUCE your WAIST and HIPS

Keep your figure forever young. Reduce 2 inches in a week; 3 inches in 10 days. Wear a Figure Control Corset for a slender, graceful figure... to look slimmer, younger and smarter.



ally REDUCE at waist, hips, and thighs, you look and feel younger and smarter. The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET gives natural, balanced support, slims your hips and waist, and flattens your abdomen with positive cross-over frontal control. Its gentle, almost imperceptible, massage-like action reduces your waistline and beautifully figures your figure with every move you make.

NOT MADE OF RUBBER. The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET is tailor-cut and tailor-made, to your own measurements of beautifully figured corset fabric to reduce and control the figure in comfort and safety. NOT made of rubber; it is, therefore, positively odourless and hygienic.



## Sent on 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Try the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET for 7 days at my expense, to prove, quickly and definitely, that it will reduce your waist and hips, give comforting support and up-



lift to your abdomen, and lovely, slim, youthful grace and energy to your figure. Every Corset is NEW—direct from the work-rooms to the wearers. If not perfectly satisfied, return the Corset and the test will not cost you a penny. Post the FREE coupon, NOW.

## POST THIS COUPON SEND NO MONEY

Miss Florence Bradshaw,  
FIGURE CONTROL CORSET CO.,  
F.A. Building,  
219-43 Elizabeth St., SYDNEY.

Without cost or obligation send me full particulars of the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET and your 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

W.W.18



# WOMEN LEGIONNAIRES' FIRST CAMP



**DETACHMENT** of the Australian Women's Legion on route march at the legion's first camp at Narbethong, Victoria. With a drummer girl to keep them in step, they did several long treks during their week-end, and are now ready to undertake more arduous marches.

● One of the biggest Australian women's camps was held by the Australian Women's Legion which is 1000 members strong. They enjoyed "roughing it" for the week-end. The women marched, sang, signalled, did camp chores, and learned catering for large numbers. Weather was too cold for members to camp under canvas, so legionnaires stayed at The Hermitage, Narbethong, Victoria. Some members of the legion meet every night of the week at classes on anything from transport driving to first aid.



**FIRST-AID** drill under the stern eye of the Medical Officer. Members attend first-aid classes at night, and the camp gave them an opportunity of practising under field conditions.



**QUARTERMASTER DUGGAN** samples the stew. It was her first attempt at cooking for a crowd, but her labors were approved. All shared the chores of potato-peeling.



**SGT-MAJOR JEAN MAC-PHERSON**, in charge of the camp, signals with a whistle.



**ACCOMMODATION** was short, so bunks were rigged by stretching rugs on poles. At night there were sing-songs, with mandolins, ukuleles, mouth organs, and a violin.



**MAP READING**, one of the important new tasks learnt by the legionnaires at the camp. Time was also made for signalling practice with flags, and study on buzzer signalling. The trim and serviceable khaki uniforms worn by the girls cost about £2/18/-, including the boots.



## How I remove UNWANTED HAIR from ARMS and LEGS



- 1 I just apply New 'VEET' straight from the tin. No unpleasant smell; no mess or bother.
  - 2 Then I wash it off with plain water. The hair washes away too. Not a trace remains.
  - 3 No stubble like the razor leaves. Not even a shadow. Skin is left soft, white and smooth as velvet.
- Never use a razor. It only makes the hair grow faster and coarser. The modern quick, clean, easy way to end your superstitious hair troubles is with New 'VEET' 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

### Catarrh Cleared

\* Your digestion, upset by modern diet, fails to extract blood-purifying minerals from food. Dietitians recommend COLOSEPTIC to combat this condition. COLOSEPTIC cleanses the colon of poisonous waste, supplying the essential, vital minerals at the same time. Thus the basic cause of clogging, poisonous catarrh is removed. You swiftly regain vigorous health. COLOSEPTIC, 2/6 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamp to Box 3415R, G.P.O., Sydney.

THERE was a knock at the door. "Billeting officer to see you," said a voice. She stood in the gathering dusk, but he could see the soft grey-blue of her eyes.

"Ah," said Peter, "I am so glad you called. I have had an addition to my family. At four this afternoon there was an interesting event —" He flung open the bedroom door. "Ernie!" he said.

Ernie sat up in bed in a shapeless garment that seemed to have been made for a large fat man and was called by courtesy a nightshirt. When he saw Grace Doran he emitted a wail and a babble of strange sounds flowed from him.

"Can you make out what he says?" asked Peter.

Eric appeared with a dishcloth. "Here, cheese it, young Ernie," he commanded. Ernie cheered it. In the ensuing hush Eric explained: "Ernie says he don't want to go back to that woman he was with before, because she don't like kids. He says he likes it here."

"Tell Ernie if he keeps quiet he can stay here, but if he makes that noise again, I shall drown him in a bucket," said Peter.

"There, Ernie," said Eric warningly. "You heard that? . . . Ernie says if you drown him in a bucket he will swim to the side and climb out. He can swim, Ernie says."

Outside, in a kitchen remarkably spruce, Grace Doran stood laughing. "You're looking better," she said.

"I am better. Did you do it on purpose?"

"I sort of hoped something might come of it. He's a good kid, isn't he?"

Peter nodded. "He's a good kid." "I could take him off your hands now if you wanted. Things are sorting themselves out a bit."

"No. I want to keep him. I'll even put up with Ernie for his sake. If you'll look in just occasionally, to see we are getting on all right." He stood looking down at her. Something he had forgotten all about stirred in his heart and filled him with peace and warmth.

## If I Were a Boy Again

Continued from Page 14

"I'll look in," she said. "I'll look in."

When she had gone, Peter stood for some minutes, looking out into his none-too-tidy garden. Queer, he thought. A month ago I had no friends. Now I have three. Or rather, two and a half.

Bubbling sounds came from within. Eric called, "Ernie says you haven't said good night to him and kissed him."

"Good heavens!" said Peter, horrified.

ERIC'S good intentions about winter greens in the garden had evaporated. It was a Scouts' camp, complete with flag, bivouac, and fire.

"Nice mess they are making of your garden," said Grace.

Peter grinned. "It never was much good. I hadn't the heart."

"What happened?" she asked. "Or would you rather not talk about it?"

He wanted to talk about it. If he could share the dismal tale with someone, half the weight of it would go. "She died out there — that's all. Fifteen years ago. We'd only been married two years. After that, all I had left was soldiering, and then that went. I got sick and came home, and it seemed like the end. And now I can't do anything. I'm too old. When you came that morning, I only wanted to die."

"You looked as if you practically had," she said. "You looked awful. I felt very bad about sending anyone here, but it just struck me it might be a sort of salvation. I knew he'd look after you, and you seemed to need someone."

He nodded. "I needed someone." And he thought, if I were a younger man — if I had anything to offer her. He put the thought away from him.

Ernie, well trimmed with mud and toffee, for he was a glutinous child,

appeared and made one of his remarks.

"Ernie says," Eric paused to translate, "that to-morrow is his birthday and he will be eight. He says he'd like a cake and some candles and the lady to tea."

To tea! Peter flushed, for he knew their tea was not such as is partaken of by ladies. Great hunks of bread and wallowings of dripping. Or sardine oil, flowing like water.

"Well?" said Grace. "I'm waiting, hoping you'll ask me!"

"You'd never come!"

"Try me," she said.

Peter took a deep breath. He suddenly felt young again, and idiotically enthusiastic. He suddenly felt unreasonably glad that Ernie had a birthday. "All right. We'll have a party," he said. "We'll do the thing in style."

He went to the village that night, when the boys were in bed.

Eric pressed a hot and secret penny into his palm. "Get him a lollipop, Peter. From me. I'll see he sucks it straight and don't leave it in the chair."

Peter strode into the village shop and bought a cake and eight candles.

The woman in the shop looked surprised when he added a Red Indian outfit, six lollipops and a bar of peppermint rock. He had never seemed that sort of gentleman, but more one for the aspirin and the stomach powder.

The candles on Ernie's birthday cake guttered pleasantly. There were flowers on the table, stuck by Eric in a cigarette tin. He thought of everything. Ernie's pale face was slightly damp, his mouth hung open, his eyes shone like stars. But Eric remained calm and collected, his blue-glass eyes surveying the scene with composure. In fatherly fashion he helped Ernie cut the cake.

## Animal Antics



"COME to bed, children!"

"He never out a cake before," Eric explained. "He's pore."

"I wish I'd brought them crackers. I wish I'd thought of fireworks," said Peter afterwards. Over the debris of the party he and Grace faced each other. Ernie and Eric were outside in their camp.

"There is still Guy Fawkes Day, and Christmas is coming," said Grace. "That's the beauty of it all, Peter. All this won't stop the sun rising to-morrow. Spring will come again just the same."

"Yes, spring will come," he said, and remembered how he had once forgotten.

"Do you know what I was thinking at tea?"

"No," he said, biting the stem of his empty pipe and helping her clear away. Best to forget what he himself had been thinking at tea!

Grace quoted gently:

"He who gives a child a treat

Makes joy-bells ring in Heaven's street,

And he who gives a child a home

Buils palaces in Kingdom Come."

He stuffed tobacco into his pipe, not looking at her. "I've been thinking. I'd like to keep Eric. I wanted a son so badly, and this is the next best. He'd keep me alive. He'd keep me up to the mark, and make me remember all the things a man is apt to forget. I'd like to give him his chance, to start him off well."

"It shouldn't be difficult," she said. "The people who had him got him out of an orphanage. Shall I make inquiries?"

Ernie, dressed as a Red Indian, emitted horrid war whoops in the garden. Eric was somewhere off in the wood, gathering sticks.

"If you ever want any help with your new family, Peter —" Grace began. She knew he never would say it himself, in his strange hurt diffidence. She had thought she was brave enough, but she stuck halfway, and couldn't go on. It was his face. It was the sudden look in his eyes.

"Grace," he said. "Grace, my dear. You don't mean —"

She gave a laugh that was half a sob, and twisted out of his grasp, and was gone. He saw her slipping through the tree boles, the sunset catching her hair. He tried to run after her, his heart beating wildly, but what use was he for running, a man with a lame leg! He could never catch her.

Eric appeared from nowhere, his hair stuck to his forehead with sweat, a bundle of sticks in his hand. "Want her?" he said. "Don't you run. I'll fetch her."

(Copyright)

# Rinso's Richer Suds for Results

W-H-E-E! LOOK AT THEM — THE RICHEST SUDS IN ALL THE WORLD! THE WASH ALL FINISHED AND THESE NEW RINSO SUDS STILL PILED HIGH!

SEE? NEW RINSO GETS WHITES SNOWY — DIRT SIMPLY FLIES!

SEE? SILKS AND WOOLLENS LIKE NEW! NEW RINSO'S SAFE AS HOUSES FOR THE WHOLE WASH

KEEP AN EXTRA PACKET OF RINSO IN THE KITCHEN — WONDERFUL FOR WASHING-UP!

SEE? NEW RINSO KEEPS COLOURS BRIGHT AND GAY AS A GARDEN!

Now the NEW IMPROVED RINSO in the NEW BIG PACKET

A LEVER PRODUCT

New Rinso does the whole weekly wash by itself — there's no need for any extras! You save time and work because New Rinso puts an end to all tedious rubbing and scrubbing! And you get the whitest, brightest wash that ever flapped on a clothes-line!

## FOR SEWING MACHINES

Sweepers and all household appliances

LUBRICATES  
CLEANS  
PREVENTS RUST

3-IN-ONE OIL





# Some NEW LAUGHS



"This is more serious than I thought," exclaimed the famous detective on arriving at the scene of the robbery. "Why, the window has been broken on both sides!"



"Poor dear. She went to 'it'er'usband with an 'anuner, but, of course, she 'it'er thumb!"

## MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"I decided to bring Ted because he's so different from other men."

"He sure is! All the others turned you down."



"Darling, you are extravagant! You've had that radiator burning all day." "Don't worry, dear, it's not ours. I borrowed it from next door."



WIFE: Sweetheart, I must have some new evening dresses. Everybody in the neighborhood knows what I've got.  
HUSBAND: Wouldn't it be cheaper to move to another place, dear?

## Pimples Rash and Eczema Quickly Yield To Zam-Buk

If you have a rash, or a blotchy skin, or even stubborn eczema, don't fail to use Zam-Buk—in fact, don't neglect any skin trouble, however slight—just let Zam-Buk Ointment put it right.

Zam-Buk has been successfully used in millions of homes for half a century and it contains refined herbal oils which are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus Zam-Buk soothes away pain and irritation, kills disease germs, allays inflammation and gives you

### A Smooth, Healthy Skin

So be sure to use Zam-Buk for all skin troubles.

Zam-Buk is unequalled for eczema, pimples, psoriasis, impetigo, bad legs, poisoned wounds, scalp trouble, etc. Excellent, too, for sore, tired or aching feet and as a first-aid for cuts, bruises, burns and other injuries. Always keep Zam-Buk handy.



"The eczema on my leg burned and itched terribly. I couldn't bear anything to touch my skin, it was so inflamed. But Zam-Buk brought wonderful relief, gradually removed the eczema and made my leg healthy."—Mrs. M. McGarry.

1/6 or 3/6. All chemists and stores.

## Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

GOLFER (to caddy): That man over there is a new member, isn't he?  
Caddy: Yes, sir. He swore himself in yesterday.

HE said she was the most marvelous, intelligent, and beautiful woman in the world, so she decided she was too good for him and broke off the engagement.

THE two painters were discussing Hitler.

"He's a fearful chap," said one. "Look at his cruelty to the Jews and the Poles and the Dutch and the Norwegians and the Danes."  
"Yes," replied his mate. "It's pretty bad, but think what a disgrace he is to our profession!"

DOCTOR: I've taken the—er—liberty of sending in my little account again.

Patient: Really? Well, I'm taking your advice and avoiding business worries for the present.

PATIENT (to pretty nurse): You might kiss me good-night, sister.

Nurse: We have orderlies to do the rough work here.

"You look a sensible sort of girl. Let's get married."

"Not on your life. I'm as sensible as I look."

## THIS IS THE LIFE!



Privates G. W. and A. R. Munro aren't worrying whether the canteen's wet or dry right now! They're having a quick pick-me-up with a steaming cup of Bonox. "It's great stuff for giving you a lift," says Private A. R. Munro. Bonox pours new strength straight into your bloodstream. You can get hot Bonox in cafes, hotels and milk bars. Buy a bottle on your way home and have a steaming hot cup of Bonox before bed. Sold in 1, 2, 4, 8 and 16-oz. sizes.

Get a Box of ZAM-BUK To-Day



## An Editorial

JULY 6, 1940

## STRENGTH IN LEADERSHIP



**P**OOR leadership in France did as much to defeat the country as German tanks. As story after story comes to hand of the divided counsel, lack of drive and plain incompetence of the men who led France a great sorrow and sympathy arises for the French people.

No ammunition in the early days of the war; muddled military thinking and out-moded strategy when Hitler struck through Belgium; and vacillating leadership among the politicians caused the fall of France.

The crash came from the top, burying France and her peoples in a shameful armistice.

The people trusted their leaders, but the leaders mistrusted each other. There is a lesson for Australia and the Empire in the manner of France's defeat. It came as much from within as without. The land of Napoleon, Joan of Arc and Foch was without a leader when she most needed one.

*We must learn this much from the fate of France.*

*In the stern, bitter and protracted struggle ahead leadership means everything.*

*It must embody in one man the whole fighting spirit of the Empire, the indestructible will to win.*

Dominating leadership, with a determination to overcome all obstacles in ridding the world of Hitlerism, is the only way.

Democracy can produce this kind of leader. England has her Churchill; America her Roosevelt. Fortright, devoted fighters in the cause of freedom. Democracy pins her faith on them and demands that the lesser leaders fall into line.

This is no time for muddled thinking or vacillating policies. Strength in leadership is essential to victory.

—THE EDITOR.

## THE A.I.F. WRITES HOME

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from the letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the A.I.F. are of interest to all other Australians. These sidelights are part of the unofficial history of our fighting forces. The Australian Women's Weekly invites its readers to send in copies or extracts from these letters for publication.

A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published or not.

## A N.S.W. soldier in the 1st contingent in Palestine:

"WELL, I got news to go to the outpost. We bivouacked under the palms in an oasis. The palms extended right down to the edge of the Mediterranean in which we bathed with regularity.

"It was full moon while we were there, and it was most romantic to see the moon shining through the palms.

"At night I lay in bed, gazed at the sky, and mused of home.

"It is on such occasions as this that you realise the untold beauty of Australia.

"We have things and scenes equally romantic and beautiful, and don't know it.

"If there is one thing I shall appreciate it is trees; there are hardly any here, worse luck."

## A former University footballer in Palestine:

"WE have just returned from playing a football match against French soldiers at Beirut.

"It is impossible to imagine a city as beautiful as Beirut. Its setting reminded me of Hobart, with the Lebanese hills rising almost from the water to a height which allowed them to remain snow-capped even late as this in summer.

"But the architecture differs from Hobart. The buildings are all of stone, while the fittings are of cedar grown in the hills of Tripoli. Our rooms in the hotel overlooked the bay and this magnificent view of the hills.

"You would have enjoyed the football match with all its military pageantry. The French are frightfully patriotic.

"This is shown in their every action. Even lance-corporals are saluted by the privates, and the bowing and cap-raising and hand-kissing which goes on is amazing."

## A Queenslander in a field ambulance unit, Somewhere at Sea:

"YOU can have your 'lovely fires.' It's not a bit old at sea.

"In fact, we lie about the decks between times without shirts or singlets. My torso is now a delicate shade of golden brown. I sleep on deck at night.

"We don't do much work now. About two hours' physical jerks in the morning and a lecture in the afternoon. Other jobs are runner, picket, and mess orderly. I started on the latter job this week.

"We have a lot of fun. Someone will spill a bit of water or soup on the floor, then some unfortunate, carrying about two dozen plates, will place his No. 10 foot in the pool and go for a sixer, whereupon the mob sets up lusty cheers.

"Every now and then some wise guy will drop a tin dish deliberately just to provoke a cheer from the boys. It works every time.

"The main advantage of being a mess orderly is that if one works one's head one can have an excellent supper late at night.

"I'm sending you a couple of copies of our own newspaper printed on the ship."

## Winnie the war winner



"Oh, Colonel, try to get him to enlist."

## An Australian officer at training school in Egypt:

"TO-DAY King Farouk drove through the streets. All trams are stopped a quarter of an hour before his arrival, all other traffic five minutes before his arrival.

"Then comes a policeman on a motor bike travelling about 45 m.p.h. and blowing a whistle to warn everyone. He is followed by four policemen on bikes, then come about five soldiers on bikes, then a car filled with officers.

"The King's car follows, surrounded by 14 more bikes, then another car, and finally four bikes. The whole convey and escort occupies about half a mile. It travels like the very dickens.

"The people gather and clap as the King is rushed by."

## Member of an Intelligence Unit with the 1st contingent in Palestine:

"WE get a good bit of leave now, and Ken and I had a great day in Tel Aviv last Monday.

"As we were just about broke we decided to see how cheaply we could do the trip.

"We spent the day on the beach, and had our lunch at the Soldiers' Club. We were strictly on the water-wagon, and the whole day only cost us about 5/-.

"There was quite a fair surf, and as it was a beautiful day for sunbaking we were not tempted to leave the beach. As a rule the sea is fairly calm, so we were lucky to strike a day when there were a few 'shoots'.

"Tel Aviv is a great place to go on leave, and is a very gay city, especially at night. The Australians are very popular there.

"It is quite usual for the waitresses in the cafes to be able to speak three or four different languages, which rather leaves us in the shade."

## From a South Australian private to his wife:

THE little Arab kids are a lively breed. One of them reminds me of Mary, the same mischievous black eyes.

"They swarm round when they see us buying pranges, though you'd think they'd get enough of these.

"I am trying to get hold of three or four of the fez caps they wear out here. The youngsters back home would love them.

"Your special apple dumpling isn't on our menu, so don't lose the trick before I come home. The food is pretty good just the same.

"We've had plenty of swimming during our time off, and as soon as I hit the water I think of those family picnics we used to have. I suppose the little bloke will be swimming like a champion before I see him again.

"I hope to send you some snapshots soon—just so they won't forget their old Dad..."

## A former student of languages with the 1st contingent in Palestine:

HERE is a copy of a reference which one of the local unemployed presented when he was after a job: My dear sir, I am very poor. I want work. If you order? I know that you are kind about the poor. Please allow me to kiss your foot, but work me. Who have sent you your servant, Basa Apta. Shelkh."

## A South Australian private in the 3rd contingent, Somewhere at Sea:

"WE are still having a good trip, and I don't see too many missing from meals, so that must be a good sign.

"The old pond got a bit on the wild side last night and the old tub was doing a good bit of rolling and tossing, but it is very much calmer to-day.

"I guess I must seem a little strange at home now that there are not so many soldiers around. But I bet it won't be long before there are more of them about."

## From a Victorian soldier in Palestine:

THE first contingent in Palestine were ready with plenty of leg-pulls for the second contingent when we arrived.

"This is one going the rounds:

"The second contingent arrived in the middle of a heat-wave. After a terrible journey across the desert in a hot, parching wind they arrived at their camp.

"The first person they saw was a solitary Australian muffled up in a heavy great-coat. He said:

"You chaps are lucky, arriving in a cool spell."

## From a young officer in Palestine, whose father was an officer in the last war:

"JUST a short note to wish you, Dad, many happy returns of the day.

"It doesn't seem more than yesterday that we celebrated your half-century at the Australia, does it? This time we are going to arrange a small party in my tent if possible to celebrate here.

"We have just returned dog tired from an exercise of three days in an occupied position. I went out with the advance party and had the rather doubtful pleasure of being out four days.

"The trench had been dug in sandy country and was consequently pretty filthy, but that was part and parcel of the job."





# How to be independent on Independence Day!



## L. W. Lower salutes the Stars—also the Stripes

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's foremost humorist  
Illustrated by WEP

American Independence Day is lurking about somewhere on the calendar.

Let me see... July 4 is it not? Having no data available at the moment I have consulted my grandfather, and he confirms my suspicions. Yes, it is July 4.

GRANDPA seems to have a wonderful memory for these things. For instance, he tells me George Washington was the father of his country.

If you were to ask the average person what he knew about George Washington he would reply that he chopped down a cherry tree and being caught in the very act of giving

it the final smack with the axe had the temerity to look his father in the eye and say, "Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet."

My grandfather, who was only a boy at the time, and on the spot, said, with that delicate touch of imagery which is common to all our family, "You could have knocked me down with a crowbar!"

### That cherry tree

Georgie Fergie  
Couldn't tell a lie.  
"Where will I go to  
When I come to die?"  
Up strode Papa  
With a great big stick,  
And didn't little Georgie  
Feel very sick?

Georgie Fergie  
Told the truth to Dad.  
When Dad had finished  
He looked a trifle sad.  
Now listen, children,  
Georgie's made a name.  
He refused to tell a lie  
—'Cause he wasn't game.  
—L. Washington Lower.

Shots, Ziegfeld, Buffalo Bill, Sitting  
Bull, chewing gum—  
"I see what you mean."

"And where would we be but for  
swing music, hot rhythm, torch  
singers, strip-tease acts, and talkies  
featurin' speakeasies full of yeggs  
and hop-heads bein' raided by flat-  
footed bulls with gats, while Red  
Levinski's gang is holdin' up the  
bank in Thioity Thoid Street with  
tommy guns. Tell me that!"

"You're right, Arbuthnot," I said  
raising my cup. "Here's to the Stars  
and Stripes!"

"Wait a minute!" shouted the  
man. "You're robbin' yourself."

"Here's to the Stars! And now,"  
said Arbuthnot, draining the last  
of the bottle into our cups, "here's  
to the Stripes. You'll note, my boy,  
that we get two toasts off the one  
flag. Hoopla!"

"You mean Hotcha! don't you?"  
"Look out! Here come the women-  
folk. You wash the cups while I get  
rid of the empty."

That's the worst of Independence  
Days. They don't last long enough.

## TOO TIRED TO ENJOY A REST?



How do you feel towards the end of the day—eager to get the washing-up done and tuck the kids into bed?

Looking forward to a cheerful evening with the radio?

Or do you flop into a chair too worn out to enjoy your rest, and find yourself dozing to the music?

This isn't right! Do you know what is wrong?

It is probably constipation.

You may be "regular." Still, it's probably constipation. Elimination must be complete as well as regular. If it isn't, poisons get into the blood, cause vague lack of well-being.

For this there is a simple, honest prescription—Kruschen Salts. It isn't a drug, or a patent medicine, or a fad, or a fashion; it's a British institution.

Doctors have prescribed it these fifty years past, for the analysis on the bottle tells them they could prescribe nothing better. It agrees with their medical knowledge. And Kruschen Salts will agree with you.

YOU'LL FEEL ALL THE BETTER FOR A PINCH OF

# KRUSCHEN

Take Kruschen in tea or in hot water, as much as will cover a sixpence, every morning. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at Chemists and Stores.

K.35.1049

Buy 3 tins of  
**OLD DUTCH**  
at a time



VINER & HALL  
A.1 SILVER  
FISH KNIVES  
and FORKS

at  
Half Price!

Old Dutch offers ten different units of handsome, heavy-weight silver and cutlery, by Viner & Hall Ltd., the world's premier cutlery and silversmiths. This unit, a Fish Knife and Fork, is yours for only 3/6 and 2 Old Dutch labels—half present value! Send for it now and ask your grocer for free illustrated list of other units.

CUDAHY & CO. PTY. LTD., ELGER ST., GLEBE, N.S.W.

Please send me the Viner & Hall Silver Fish Knife and Fork as advertised. I enclose Windmill panels from 2 Old Dutch labels and 3/6 Postal Note.

NAME  
ADDRESS



## Healthy Legs For All!

### Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is traced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

### Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

### Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 15238, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the instructive Elasto booklet. Or better still, get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 2/6, one month's supply.

## "COUSIN SUSAN.

But my heavens, everybody in town talks about it. I've always heard it. More or less. Why?"

"I thought maybe people wouldn't speak of it to you."

"Why? Because of Mother?"

"Yes. That's what I was thinking of."

Naomi sat down. This was something that had caught up with her, this fear. After all these years, this jealousy had lain in her and she couldn't help it. She had known when she married Dan that she was second choice; she would have married him if she had been third choice or fourth choice or fifth choice, yet now there was always this jealousy; she couldn't help it, she was made like that, she wanted to have had him always, she, the only one. She wondered sometimes if other women ever had this jealousy hidden in them.

Never once when she and Dan were alone had they mentioned Ivis. She wouldn't have asked him about Ivis, she wouldn't have done that to him; it might have hurt him and then it would have hurt them both. Dan often talked of Ivis when they were with other people, he was proud of her success, but Naomi never spoke the name at any time. She always went with Dan and the whole family to see Ivis in a new picture (the whole town turned out every time, they always made a kind of celebration of it) and sat beside him while Ivis passed before him on the screen but she did not speak the name.

She got up from the chair and began to lay out fresh clothes for Dan. It was easier to move about than to sit still. He and Dan, jun., had been in the bottom of the wheat field all day and he would

## Local and Personal

Continued from Page 8

want a bath and clean clothes as soon as he got in.

Louise was coming upstairs, pounding with her little quick high-heeled steps. "Mother," she called anxiously outside the closed door, "has Jack called?"

"No, dear, he hasn't." She hated to have to tell the child he hadn't called. There was nothing as important in life for her just now as when Jack called or didn't call. Then the telephone rang and she could hear Louise talking to Jack on the upstairs phone, talking with relief, with happiness. Naomi twisted her own hands suddenly. Louise didn't know—she would think it silly—that after twenty years it could still be so intense.

A car came in and stopped on the driveway. Naomi moved nearer to the window so that she could see without being seen. Dan and Dan, jun., got out and came across the grass to the porch.

Old Mrs. Gardner said excitedly, "Dan, guess who is coming after all these years? Ivis Patterson—Ivis Luten. Ivis and Noreen are expecting her Friday."

"Ivis!" Naomi could hear the surprise and excitement in his voice. A cold tremor went through her, shaking her from head to foot. Dan, jun., was reading the paper. "Gosh!" he said, "why didn't that old dead-head down there spread it all over the front page? That's news!"

She moved mechanically about the room. In a minute she would be all right, in a minute she would make herself be all right, in a minute she would go downstairs.

Miss Ivy herself came while they

were at supper. "Louise—Dan—Naomi—" they could hear her calling in her sweet squeaky little voice as soon as she entered the front door. Louise went to the dining-room door with her napkin in her hand and said, "Back here, Miss Ivy."

Naomi rang for Katie and said, "Katie, lay a place for Miss Ivy."

"No, no, no, dear," Miss Ivy remonstrated. "I've already had my supper. I couldn't eat a thing, really I couldn't."

Dan took Miss Ivy gently by her stringy little arm and led her ceremoniously to the chair. "You're going to have some of this ham with us, Miss Ivy," he said. "This is the best ham you ever tasted in your life."

"I'm sure it is, dear," she said smiling up at him. Both she and Miss Noreen adored him.

Even if Miss Ivy had had what she and Miss Noreen called supper it was fairly likely that she was still a little hungry. It was general knowledge in town that Miss Ivy and Miss Noreen barely had enough to eat. Only to-night Dan's mother had said that she was almost sorry Ivis was coming because Ivy and Noreen would try to have everything just as Ivis remembered it and then would stint themselves more than ever to pay for it.

Never did they admit their poverty. Even before the depression their income had dwindled so that it hardly met the taxes and the debt for the concrete street. They always managed, however, to pay both promptly.

Miss Ivy cut a dainty bite of the ham. "I'm really too excited to eat," she said. "We've had the most wonderful news. I came over to tell you."

"Oh, but we've already heard it, Miss Ivy," Louise cried. "And it's the most thrilling thing."

"Yes, I was afraid you'd hear it before I could get over here to tell you. Besides, we put it in the paper. We thought everybody would be interested. But we wanted to tell all her best friends personally." Miss Ivy smiled at Dan. She was really bringing the message just to him.

At the end of the table Naomi lifted her glass to her lips; her hand was as chill as the glass.

"Ivis wrote a lovely letter. It was so sweet. She said she couldn't bear it any longer without seeing us, she said she wanted to see the old place again, she said she wanted to see everybody. She said she wanted to see you, Dan."

"FOR that matter I think she has never written us a letter in all this time that she hasn't mentioned your name. Tell him," she said in this, "that I'm coming back."

Naomi looked down the table at Dan's face. Whatever he felt he had to hide it. Suddenly she thought with understanding and pity, "It will be just as hard for him as it is for me."

"And there's another thing I came about," Miss Ivy said. "Or rather I thought I'd just ask about it while I was here. Naomi, I'd like to borrow your recipe for pressed chicken. We're going to try to get as much of the cooking done beforehand as possible. We've engaged James for while Ivis is here but he's so old and shaky that he really isn't much help. But he'd be hurt if we engaged any other dandy."

She didn't add that they could engage James cheaper than an able-bodied man. Or that they planned that while Ivis was there one of them would always remain with Ivis, or within sight so to speak, while the other stole out to the kitchen and did what was necessary, and that they would manage so smoothly that Ivis would hardly be aware that old Cat who had been the cook that summer she was here wasn't still in the kitchen.

"Of course, Miss Ivy," Naomi said. "You're welcome to it."

Then Dan said: "Naomi, why can't Katie make the pressed chicken or whatever it is for Miss Ivy and Miss Noreen? Then that'll be one thing off their hands."

"Yes indeed she can," Naomi agreed quickly. "Katie will make it, Miss Ivy. We'll be so glad to."

"Oh I couldn't think of letting you do that," Miss Ivy said. But they could hear the relief in her voice. She was already tired. "If you think," she said wistfully, "it wouldn't interfere with Katie's regular work in any way—"

"It won't interfere," Naomi assured her. "We'll be so happy to make it. And anything else you'll let us do."

But the next morning Miss Ivy came back bringing two small china figures, a shepherd and shepherdess, which she put into Naomi's hands. "I want you to have them, dear," she said. "I remember you admired them once and I've often thought I'd give them to you. They'll look so sweet on that narrow chest in your room."

That was the way with Miss Ivy and Miss Noreen. If anything was done for them they at once did twice as much in return.

Please turn to Page 22



## REXONA Medicated Soap

Brings Natural Beauty through Skin Health

Natural loveliness! The charm every woman can have if she guards skin health with Rexona Medicated Soap. Rexona corrects a dull skin, leaves a normal one flawlessly beautiful.

Cady! Rexona's compound of medications, guards against blemishes!

Don't run risks! Guard your skin with Rexona, the only soap medicated with Cady! This highly protective compound of medications gently draws away germs—leaves your

skin from the depths of the pores, and purifies. Your skin is toned up, left healthy, naturally beautiful!

These revitalising medications make REXONA SOAP the perfect beauty care.

EMOLLIENTS—to soothe, soften and heal.

NUTRIENTS—to nourish and revive.

ASTRINGENTS—to refine pores and improve texture.

TONIC ELEMENTS—to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues.

### REXONA SOAP SHAMPOO For Lustrous, Shining Hair.

Rexona Soap's medications stimulate the scalp—keep dandruff in check—make your hair a shining crown.

### Safest for Baby! REXONA SOAP

Rexona is so gentle, so soothing its special compound of medications guard against chafing, rashes and irritations. Rexona Soap and Rexona Ointment, used together, quickly cure Cradle Cap.

### The complete Rexona Treatment

Soap and Ointment together if skin faults do not yield quickly, use Rexona Soap and Ointment together. This healing combination ends blemishes, leaves the skin clear.

TREATMENT Patch frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear Rexona Ointment on the affected part.



More than a Beauty Soap... it's a Complete Skin Treatment

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

© 218, 14

## Nurse Knows the Best Thing for COUGHS

For fifty years Hearn's Bronchitis Cure has been a famous family remedy for coughs, chest colds, croup, raw throats, bronchitis, chest complications after measles and the cough that frequently follows Influenza. It is pleasant to take, is just as good for kiddies as it is for adults and the effect it has on a stubborn cold is simply amazing. Try it and see. 2/6 and 4/6.



## HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

W. S. HEARNE & COMPANY LTD., GEELONG, VIC.



## Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.



### COUNTRY SLUMS

WILL Australia be troubled by the problem of slums in her country areas?

It seems likely, judging by the hovels of tin, hessian, and white-ant-eaten wood in the back streets of many country towns.

While city slum dwellers have at least some advantages from living in a big community, the country people have to struggle on without electric light, shops, and other services which those in the city take for granted.

Who can blame people for refusing to leave the cities for the present hardships of the country?

The city plan of providing better homes for workers should be extended to the country.

£1 for this letter to Miss Jean Bull, Burnage, Toowoomba, Qld.

### EXAGGERATE LESS

ARE we losing our sense of values in the English language?

Two young girls came to see me and told me that they had waited "hours" in the "boiling" sun for a bus.

Actually the bus was a few minutes late and the temperature was 82deg.

We often hear of "tons" of money and "oceans" of time.

Many so-called sayings are very expressive, but we may be in danger of losing our sense of values completely if we give away continually to such exaggerations.

Mrs. H. S. Thomas, Wynyard Park P.E., Wagga, N.S.W.

### ADMIT MISTAKES

IT seems that men are reluctant to admit their mistakes.

If a man makes an investment that proves to be a failure, or ignores an opportunity to do something worth while, he invariably accounts for his action by trying to explain it.

I recently read this passage: "A common belief is that women act on impulse and men with reason."

The truth of the matter is that both sexes act on impulse, but the men think up reasons afterwards.

O. Weber, Box 14, Walgett, N.S.W.



Now on sale in Australia - This Famous English Polish.

Don't trust your nails to unknown polishes. Use L'onglex, the famous English polish. It wears for days without chipping or fading, and its shades are always fashion-right!



## Why a wedding attracts feminine interest

UNINVITED guests at church weddings often show extremely bad taste. Mrs. W. A. Sparkes (15/6/40).

You are right in criticising the behaviour of women who attend the weddings of people they do not know.

At big society weddings, women in their sheer curiosity to see everything have climbed on church pews



Only curiosity.

and talked loudly, until the officiating clergyman has been obliged to ask them to be quiet.

There is nothing of the "romantic interest" in that sort of thing.

It is just the worst possible taste.

Mrs. J. Hardy, Renown Ave., Claremont, W.A.

### Happy bride

MOST brides are generous enough to smile happily on guests and strangers at their wedding ceremony.

If the presence of strangers doesn't inconvenience the bride party or the guests, I don't think it is a lack of good taste for them to be present.

It surely gives all women, and sometimes men, too, a pleased feeling to see the happy faces of the bride and bridegroom.

Mrs. H. Hoyle, 11 Brae St., Charing Cross, N.S.W.

### Love glamor

PERHAPS the very drabness of their own lives makes some women constant attendants at bi weddings.

They love to see the glamor that surrounds the bride and bridesmaids and the frocks give them a topic of conversation for days.

Should we grudge them this small interest in a world that is grey enough for many of them?

Miss C. Mason, Wilkes Ave., Malvern, Vic.

### Like clothes

WOMEN have an insatiable interest in clothes, and it is that interest alone that makes them flock to see weddings, though they are total strangers to the bridal couple.

If a woman does not mind standing in the heat or cold outside a church just to catch a fleeting glimpse of a girl she does not know, why should anyone criticise her?

It is a compliment to the bride, who I think usually appreciates the bridal "gallery."

S. Robinson, Grafton St., Warwick, Qld.

### Include men, too

WHY not include men in the criticism directed against women who attend the weddings of strangers?

I have seen men crane their necks, too, to catch a glimpse of a bride.

But surely everyone likes to see a bride, and to the girl herself it must be gratifying to hear complimentary comments on her frock and appearance.

Mrs. E. McMillan, P.O., Glenhuntly, Vic.

### Cheers them

SURELY in these dark days, if women feel interested in a wedding and if it cheers them, which I think it does, why should we criticise them for gathering round the church door?

And surely it must please the bride to see so many interested spectators and well-wishers.

Mrs. M. Bell, 12 Mulberry St., Richmond, E.L., Vic.

## Apparent change of the right of chivalry

IT is the insistence on women's rights that often causes the change of chivalry of which Lillian Ankerson (15/6/40) complains.

Men pay the same fares and are as much entitled to seats as women. Whether they offer those seats to women or not depends on the attitude of the women themselves.

Not infrequently women glare so balefully at men, who do not rise immediately that it causes them to stay seated in sheer defiance.

If women accepted proffered seats with a word of thanks instead of expecting them as a right, men would be as chivalrous as ever.

Mrs. J. R. Cress, Campbell St., Bowen Hills, N.L. Qld.

### Heedless men

I WORK in a city store, and after standing all day I just long for a seat in the tram going home.

But the times that a man or boy has stood up to give me one could be numbered on the fingers of one hand.

I am not in my teens nor am I middle-aged, but very often girls have offered to share their seat with me or got up and cheerfully said, "You sit down; I'm not tired."

I fully agree that the age of chivalry is passing from man to woman.

Miss L. Wright, Union Rd., Box Hill, Vic.

## Work to help war and forget gossip

WITH commendable rapidity, there are groups of women forming all kinds of clubs and societies, in order to help our war effort.

Now is the time for them to determine to avoid all harmful gossip and scandal, which ruin so many otherwise worthwhile organisations.

Let there be plenty of talk, as an interchange of ideas is stimulating, but keep out scandal, back-biting and unconstructive criticism of others.

Mrs. A. C. Spradson, 18 Murray St., Coburg, Vic.

### Refuse offers

AS an English visitor to our country I do not think that chivalry is passing from men to women.

I have been amazed at the attitude the Australian women adopt when a man kindly offers his seat on a crowded tram or bus.

They decline his offer and take it almost as an insult rather than the kindly gesture for which it is meant.

Irene Downes, Rockliff Garage, Mona Vale, N.S.W.

### Depends on person

CHIVALRY seems to be passing from the majority of so-called gentlemen to women.

Many times I have seen poorly-dressed working-men give up their seats to old and young women, and I have seen young women do the same to old men and women.

But the well-dressed men stay seated, with their papers spread out in front of them.

Chivalry or duty would never come before their comfort.

Mrs. L. Handley, 259 Wardell Rd., West Marrieville, N.S.W.

### Serves us right

WOMEN have striven to imitate men in every walk of life.

They have exploited their games, their dress, and their occupations. It is only reasonable that men should treat women as they have asked to be treated, as equals.

We have always been told that our men will be just what our women make them.

Now we have ample opportunity to view the finished work of our aggressive femininity.

Mrs. M. A. Whan, 2 Belmore St., Burwood, N.S.W.

## Can men dress more cheaply than women?

MY husband agrees with Miss M. P. Grant (15/6/40) that a man can dress more cheaply than a woman.

Men's suits cost only the same amount as women's tailored costumes, and overcoats for both sexes are about the same in price.

Women's accessories must run into more money than men's shirts, ties.



Consider wardrobe cost.

and so on, as so many changes are needed.

Mrs. M. Kaye, 16th Street, c/o Mildura P.O., Vic.

### Compare expense

WOMEN can purchase the materials for at least several frocks with what it takes to secure one man's suit.

There are ways and means of making one frock look like two with different accessories.

Any woman who is clever with her needle can make attractive accessories for next to nothing.

By careful pressing and cleaning costumes should last at least three years.

Reva Hall, 3 Violet St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

### Accessories' Cost

IT is the accessories for a woman's wardrobe that cost money, and a man is saved this expense.

Stockings are one of a woman's most expensive items, and cannot be compared with the little men spend on socks.

Miss E. Power, 80 Queen St., Brisbane.

## £1 For Best Letter

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

### WELCOME NEEDED

WHY are people so unfriendly to newcomers to a district? Girls who have to leave their homes and families in the course of their work and live often very lonely in the first few months.

I speak from experience, as I am now in another State where I have no friends. If those I meet in working hours would only stop to consider, I know they would ask me home now, instead of waiting till they know me better.

How grateful I should be for that touch of home life—to be amongst a family, even for a few hours.

Miss N. Bertram, P.O., Essendon W3, Vic.

### CARRY THE BABY

I OFTEN wonder who should carry the baby. Sometimes I see a tired-looking little wife carrying a big baby while her husband slouches along beside her.

Then I think of hard-worked, down-trodden wives.

But when I see a tuxom young woman hand over her baby, trailing shawl and all, to her meek-looking spouse while the window-shops, I don't like that, either.

Does pram pushing or baby carrying lessen a man's dignity, and when should he carry the baby?

E. S. Paap, The Park, Parramatta, N.S.W.

### TAKE OVER JOBS

IN this struggle for our very existence we could all do something.

So far in Australia the women have not been called upon to any great extent. At the moment we are delivering letters, bread, and meat and so on, jobs now done by men who could be released for our fighting forces.

Women are capable of great sacrifices should the occasion arise, and now, when every ounce of loyalty is needed, it is up to us all to do our part.

Every available loyal man knows where his duty lies. Then will the women show how they can keep the home fires burning until their men return.

Mrs. W. Willett, William St., West End, Townsville, Qld.



Here is proof that chronic indigestion can be overcome. Read this report, just one more of the remarkable tributes to De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Another user, Mr. V. E. Willis, says:

"I suffered terribly with chronic indigestion for years. I was afraid to eat anything and was just about a wreck when I tried De Witt's Antacid Powder. Within a week I was looking forward to my meals. Now I really thank De Witt's Antacid Powder for having made me feel better than I have done for years."

The first dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder gives instant relief because it immediately neutralises stomach acidity, the cause of heartburn, flatulence or pain after meals. One ingredient soothes and protects the stomach lining and another helps to digest your food.

In fact, De Witt's Antacid Powder is really the modern triple-action treatment for indigestion and stomach troubles.

From to-day—eat what you like! Enjoy every meal! Be sure you get the genuine—

# DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence. Of all chemists and stores, in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/6. Giant size 4/6.



## NEVER WITHOUT A PARTNER



—thanks to a  
**CLEAR SKIN**

She may not be the most beautiful girl in the ballroom, but her lovely clear complexion, protected by Wright's Coal Tar Soap since the day she was born, makes her the centre for admiring eyes. Wright's is the perfect soap for the skin and complexion. Deep-cleansing, yet gentle to sensitive skin, it removes every trace of dirt and danger from the pores, keeps the skin smooth, clear and radiant. Wright's is the only soap to contain "Liquor Carbonis Detergens," the soothing antiseptic lotion used and recommended by leading skin specialists.

Keep YOUR skin fresh and clear—use

**WRIGHT'S  
COAL TAR SOAP**

W-1-59

WHEN Miss Ivy was gone Naomi went slowly up to her room with the little figures in her hand. She set them on the chest where Miss Ivy would expect to see them the next time she came. Her fingers released them reluctantly. She didn't want to put them there. She didn't want to be given a present for doing something that in her heart she didn't want to do. She didn't want to have anything to do with the preparations for Ivy Patterson. Her feeling about it was unworthy of Dan, unworthy of Miss Ivy and Miss Noreen, unworthy of herself, and the china eyes of the little figures seemed to know. They stared back at her, taunting her with what they knew.

Miss Ivy and Miss Noreen were happy to have the big old house open again. Ordinarily it was shuttered and closed tight with the exception of the kitchen and dining-room wing where they lived. But now all the windows were open, even the attic windows. Ivy, they said, would be sure to want to go up there. For old time's sake.

Some of the people who passed said it was funny to them that after ignoring the two old ladies all this time—everybody knew that there were years on years when she hadn't taken time to send them as much as a postcard—Ivy Patterson should suddenly take it into her head to come back to see them. It was a pity she hadn't been seeing about them long before this. With all the money she had made she could have kept them in comfortable circumstances and never missed it.

Miss Ivy and Miss Noreen gave an informal reception the first night Ivy was there. Naomi dressed herself in white, severely plain. She chose it purposely, white, anonymous

as a uniform, to fit into the background.

The lights from the Dubois parlor shone gaily across the porch. The front hall door was propped wide open and Miss Noreen stood just inside the screen. It wasn't enough that old James was there to receive the guests, she wanted to be there herself. When she saw the Gardners she turned suddenly and said with a high excited tremble in her voice, as if giving a signal, "Here comes Dan."

And then Ivy herself came out on the narrow front porch to meet them. She came with the same impulsive girlish rush, all grace, that she had on the screen. She was even more beautiful than Naomi had expected.

She looked much older than on the screen, it is true; there were many drawn fine lines at the corners of her eyes and a few at her mouth, but the contour of her cheeks, the fullness of her lips, were still young and beautiful. Ivy Patterson at eighty would still be beautiful and persistently girlish. She leaned down from the first step and put her arms around old Mrs. Gardner and called her Miss Lullie and kissed her.

"These are Dan's children, Ivy," Miss Noreen said.

"Darlings," Ivy said, "I'm the same as your grandmother." She took Louise's chin in the lovely cup of her hand and leaned forward and kissed her. She kissed Dan, too, the same way.

"This is Jack Latham. He's—" Miss Noreen almost said Louise's name but managed to change and say lamely—"Louise's friend."

"Let me kiss you, too," Ivy laughed.

## Local and Personal

Continued from Page 20

Then, not laughing, she lifted her face expectantly like a child to Dan. There was nothing he could do but stoop and kiss her.

"This is Dan's wife, this is Naomi," Miss Noreen said.

Naomi thought to herself, I cannot bear it if she kisses me. But Ivy didn't kiss her. She held out her hand.

Guests sat in the front parlor. Even old Mrs. Burton was there. She was ninety-three. All the guests spoke first to Ivy and then went over and spoke to Mrs. Burton as if she were the second honored guest.

"Come on over here and talk to Miss Annie Burton," Miss Noreen said to Naomi.

"Good evening, Naomi," the old lady said in a chill formal tone as if she had known Naomi but a short time. Doubtless to her in the ratio of her great number of years it did seem but a short time since someone had said to her, "Dan Gardner is going to marry that new girl."

LATER in the evening Miss Ivy and Miss Noreen, assisted by Louise—and old James managed to carry in a few plates—served lemon ice-cream and Lady Baltimore cake. Afterwards the young people drifted out and on to someone's house to dance. Because Ivy Patterson wasn't interested in them; they could see that.

Naomi sat in the midst of guests in the crowded room. She was glad for the stream of talk going on around her. It wasn't necessary for her to say anything. The talk was like a veil behind which she could hide and look down the room at Ivy and Dan.

Wherever Dan stood or sat Ivy was there at his side. Every time he moved she moved too. Often she stood with her hand laid possessively on his sleeve. Every eye in the room was watching them.

Naomi knew suddenly why Ivy had come. She knew with certainty, she could feel it. Ivy had felt herself slipping; if others knew she was slipping then secretly she knew it infinitely more, terribly than they; she wasn't as young as she used to be, and with the present withholding of its fruits she was reminded again of the past, the past looked sweet, she had had an impulse to come back here and find what she had left. Her little fingers looked as if they wanted to clutch, clutch, at Dan's sleeve.

A LITTLE later Dan came down the room towards Naomi. He had left Ivy and was coming to her.

Dan smiled at Mrs. Burton and said something. Then he laid one hand lightly on Naomi's knee and bent down and said in a low tone, "I hate to break up the party, but can't we get away pretty soon? I've got to get to the field early in the morning. I told Ivy we'd be seeing her to-morrow night anyway when they come over for dinner."

"Of course we can go," Naomi said. There was a sudden wild singing triumph in her. Before them all he had left Ivy to come to her.

When they were at home she didn't begin at once to get ready for bed. There was something she had to ask him quickly while this sudden unexpected courage was in her. "Dan," she said, "I want to ask you something."

"What?"

She had to ask it. "Did you ask Ivy to marry you? That summer, I mean, when she was here?"

"Lord no," he said. Amusement was in his voice, but he was suddenly serious, too, because he could see how serious she was, how much it meant to her. There was a feeling of momentousness in the quiet room; this, he could feel, was something that had to do with their whole marriage, all the years of it. His eyes looked with complete truth into hers. "No," he said, "You're the only one."

And then, more lightly, teasing her, "You're the only one I could have put up with this long. But I reckon maybe people did get it into their heads I was crazy about her. Everybody was. We were together a lot; we had a good time that summer all right but, Lord, she wasn't the kind I'd want. She had me jittery about half the time. She'd drag me up to that attic of Miss Ivy's and make me watch her dance. It was hot as blazes up there and I felt like a fool. She was like a kid, you had to humor her. She could take the craziest notions."

Naomi went to him swiftly. "Hold me a minute," she said.

"All right. I don't mind," he said teasing her again. But his arms held her tight. Over his shoulder she could see the little china figures on the narrow chest. She looked at them happily. She would love them always. A phrase—somewhere she had read it or heard it or else she had made it up herself—came to her mind: if once you can come face to face with your fear...

(Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

**WON'T SOMEONE TELL MY MUMMY  
why my colds hang on so long?**

My tummy's topsy-turvy from all the medicine I've gulped. But it hasn't cleared my stuffy nose. My throat is still on fire. My chest is just as achy and tight. Please, isn't there some way to make me feel better right away?

Of course there is, mother! You can bring comforting relief straight to the tormented air-passages—with Vicks VapoRub, the remedy for colds that 26 million mothers depend on. This is how you use it...



**YOU SIMPLY RUB** VapoRub on throat, chest and back. At once it begins to give off soothing, medicinal vapours which are breathed in straight to the irritated air-passages. At the same time it works on the skin like a warming poultice.



**THIS DOUBLE ACTION** clears away tormenting stuffiness, relieves coughing, breaks up congestion, and makes breathing easy. There is no delay as with swallowed medicine which must travel from the stomach to the blood, and then to the chest.



**HOURS OF COMFORT** follow. The child sleeps restfully—while VapoRub goes on working. And, because he has swallowed no medicine, no stomach-upset has wasted his strength. By morning, usually, the worst of the cold is over.

**VICKS  
VAPORUB**

Over 26 million jars used  
yearly in 71 countries

Ideal for children—and  
just as good for adults



## Haven of Rest

After a day's business or pleasure, you will find perfect rest and relaxation in the quiet seclusion of your room at the Victoria.

Located in Melbourne's city centre, but away from the noise of city traffic, up to 900 guests, like yourself, find their rooms at the Victoria a veritable "haven of rest."

"ROOM ONLY" DAILY

TARIFFS:

Singles—5/- to 10/-

Doubles—8/- to 18/6

Suites, Family Rooms, etc.

Full Catering Services.

**VICTORIA PALACE**

MELBOURNE'S MOST POPULAR HOTEL

Next Town Hall—Little Collins Street

S. D. Horne—Manager



# The Movie World

July 6, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

MOVIE WORLD

First Page



• Always smartly dressed in private life, Claudette Colbert, photographed on the sunny terrace of her Bel Air home, wears one of her favorite suits.

She has beauty, brains, AND...

## Claudette can cook, too

I HAVE just learned three new things about Claudette Colbert.

She cooks superlative fried chicken: she fusses a lot with her hair: every time she comes to New York she goes on a shopping spree.

The actress is here in New York on a brief holiday, before she commences her next Paramount picture, "Arise, My Love." And I shan't be surprised if back to Hollywood with her go two trunks full of new clothes.

In the silent days Claudette made her appearance as a seductive Parisian actress. To-day she is younger, prettier, earthier, wittier, typically American—a regular fellow!

Smaller than she appears on the screen, being only five feet four, Claudette wears extremely high heels. Weight has never been a problem to her. Without watching her diet she is usually a couple of pounds under eight stone.

### A true brunette

HER great eyes are deep brown, to match her lovely hair. Claudette fusses a lot over this hair, pinning it up in ringlets every night. This although you often see her on the screen wearing a wig.

To listen to her amusing descriptions of this New York interlude you would imagine Claudette to be just a charming pleasure-seeker.

## FRENCHWOMAN TALKS ABOUT CLOTHES, CHICKEN, AND COIFFURES DURING HER NEW YORK HOLIDAY

By JOHN B. DAVIES  
from New York

In cold fact, she takes her screen work very seriously.

For behind that heart-shaped face is a keen business brain—a brain which studies not only scripts, but every phase of her pictures; a brain which leads her to turn down several wealthy but unsuitable film offers every year.

Before she left California she had to read the manuscript of "Arise, My Love," and approve it before preparations for the film could begin.

Unlike most actresses, Claudette can, and does, select her own costumes for the screen.

She sets a high standard in acting, too—her favorite actress is Helen Hayes.

When "Arise, My Love" comes to your screen you will see a different Claudette—playing a woman war correspondent in Spain.

Here again is shown the business woman—who, after sophisticated comedies and period films, demands a radical change in film mood.

It was to enjoy variety in her work that Claudette recently accepted an assignment to an action melodrama of the American oil-fields. "Boom Town" is the name of this film,

which featured Hedy Lamarr, exotic, mysterious, as "the other woman." It was Claudette, however, who got the man.

Here was the right point in our conversation to make some inquiries as to the star's own views on romance. But no pressman or woman dares to do that with Claudette Colbert. She is one of those people rare in Hollywood—a woman whose private life and marriage are conducted with permanency, dignity, and good taste.

She refuses to give any of the so-called "daring revelations" interviews. It is characteristic of her that, away from her actual screen work, she answers only to the name of—Mrs. Joel Pressman.

### Husband left behind

HUSBAND Dr. Joel Pressman did not come to New York with his wife. He first met her in a professional capacity—and he is still her favorite doctor.

He is well liked in the film colony, but has a positive horror of sharing any of his wife's publicity.

It is a rare cameraman who succeeds in getting a shot of him with his wife at some premiere or night club.

Their beautiful home at Bel Air is run with exquisite efficiency. Mrs. Pressman has all the Frenchwoman's capabilities in domestic economy.

She is a good cook—a genuinely good cook: fried chicken is her finest culinary achievement. But her own favorite dish is French—snails.

*To Max Factor  
Genius of make-up  
I salute you—  
Ginger Rogers*

Max Factor  
Hollywood Cleansing Cream  
(THE PERFECT CLEANSING CREAM) "agrees" with your skin, whether it is dry, oily or normal.

GINGER ROGERS, R.K.O. Star, lovelier than ever and adding one fine picture after another to her already numerous successes, uses and endorses MAX FACTOR ★ HOLLYWOOD cosmetics. You, too, can take advantage of the same service which is rendered to the Stars of the Screen and women throughout the world. The correct shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick will please you and make you far more lovely. Take advantage to-day of the advice given by the world's foremost make-up authority.

By filling in the coupon below you will receive from Max Factor ★ Hollywood your personal Completion Analysis and Color-Harmony Chart listing correct shades for your individual type.

Max Factor, New Max Factor's Avenue, Sydney, Australia. Send Max Factor your name, address, and a recent photograph to: Max Factor, New Max Factor's Avenue, Sydney, Australia. Send Max Factor your name, address, and a recent photograph to: Max Factor, New Max Factor's Avenue, Sydney, Australia.

NAME	Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
NAME	Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
ADDRESS	Cream <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	LEDS <input type="checkbox"/>
CITY OR TOWN	Bruin <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Mixed <input type="checkbox"/>
	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
STATE	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES <input type="checkbox"/>	REARHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>
	Chin <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	

**Max Factor**  
Hollywood & London

Representatives for Australia:  
Fred C. James and  
Geo. H. Anderson Pty. Ltd.,  
Box 3962V., G.P.O., Sydney.



## THEY like his ENGLISH ACCENT



• At every Hollywood preview or premiere Richard Greene is brought to the microphone—his voice soothes the ether waves. Here a technician and Arlen Whelan listen in.

## POPULAR RICHARD GREENE IS SHOPPING FOR A HOME

From JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

WHEN I interviewed Richard Greene yesterday afternoon he had just come back from house-hunting—for a cottage in Beverly Hills.

He and Virginia Field are being married shortly, with a church wedding—two young people from England who fell

in love thousands of miles from home.

His two years in Hollywood have brought this 22-year-old young man an astonishing measure of fame, wealth, and work. But he is still personally the same shy youngster who blushed to the roots of his hair

when the Hollywood Press crowded round "Zanuck's new discovery" in his sumptuous hotel.



• A book, a pipe, a dimple. Typical study of Richard Greene in his Hollywood bachelor home.

"It still takes my breath away, rather," says Dick in that voice which makes the Anglo-American feminine public swoon. His voice, his robustness, and his beautiful good humor have a lot to do with his fan mail.

Few people stop to think that he is a trained actor as well.

His family have been on the English stage for three generations. He himself was born in theatrical digs in Plymouth. During his boyhood he never lived in one place for long—a fact which may account for his current enthusiasm about his future home.

His firm mother kept him at school until he had received an education . . . "she didn't approve of kids on the stage."

### Early ambition

WHEN he had left school, however, it was mother, herself an actress, who insisted upon his following his heart into the theatre—"Instead of landing a safe job."

Richard's first job was as one of the Roman soldiers in "Antony and Cleopatra" at the proud salary of three pounds a week.

From there, with dimpled audacity, he joined the Scottish Repertory Company, and landed in London with a small part in "Journey's End."

The play which led him to Hollywood was "French Without Tears." Studio talent scouts saw him on tour with this comedy in the English provinces.

But for the two years before that Richard got an astonishing amount of bit part experience—on the rule that "I'd never lose the chance of a job through saying 'I can't.'"

This good-humored daring made him sign the contract put before him in a provincial hotel by Zanuck's representative in England.

The next thing Richard knew he was on the first boat for New York, and in the first plane for California.

An hour after he had landed at Glendale airport he was made up

in front of the cameras, looking into Loretta Young's eyes, and saying . . . "There's Something About You."

This mad whirl, because the filming of "Four Men and a Prayer," in which Richard played juvenile lead, was already well under way.

"It was like being shot to Mars with a rocket," Dick confessed. "I moved so fast I had no time to be bewildered. In fact, I didn't even have time to think."

"All that I can now recall of my first couple of days in Hollywood is that I had my lunch in a dentist's chair, and my dinner in the barber's chair. The rest is just a blur of activity."

In that 48 hours, as I recall, Dick had wardrobe fittings, additional film tests, interviews, photograph fittings, conferences with studio officials, readings of the script, rehearsals—and acted in the film.

By the end of his third day in Hollywood, five studios wanted to sign the grey-eyed, brown-haired young man from London. But Zanuck had already secured his signature upon a new, and rigid, seven-years' contract.

### Swift success

BEFORE the actual completion of "Four Men and a Prayer," Dick was studying the co-starring role in Sonja Henie's "My Lucky Star." Since then, as Hollywood loves to say, he has never looked back.

Just as the interview reached this point, the telephone rang. . . . It was Virginia Field. Dick's studio publicity man led me to the door. But before I left the house I heard Dick making a date to go shopping with his fiancée—for kitchenware in a bargain basement.

## Atkinsons BRILLIANTINE Californian Poppy

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. QUEEN MARY

Fashion's new charm discovery . . .

HIGH-GLOSS your hair

Fashion accents hair style. Every smart woman's hair must now be a shimmering glory.

So give your hair a regular dressing with Atkinson's Liquid Brilliantine. Rub a little between your hands and pat it on liberally. See what a glorious satiny lustre comes up as you brush.

ATKINSON'S Liquid Brilliantine, prepared from the finest, purest light oils, gives the bright, natural-looking shine of youth and health. Non-greasy, non-sticky.

Obtainable in Californian Poppy, English Lavender, White Rose and Unscented

WORLD'S FINEST QUALITY THE HIGH-GLOSS BRILLIANTINE

1/6



32.40.20





## BACK FROM summer HOLIDAYS

AFTER LAZY DAYS  
MOVIE PLAYERS  
RETURN TO WORK  
WITH NEW HEART

From  
CHRISTINE WEBB  
in Hollywood



• Palm Springs. In these two shots, Virginia Vale of RKO, illustrates summer life in the desert resort.

THEY are all coming back to work—stars from their air tours, technicians from their shacks down the coast, secretaries from their cultural trips to Mexico.

For it's the height of summer in California—and the height of the new season movie-making.

Yet still the most popular question round about the town is—"And where did YOU spend your time?"

For an extraordinary number of stars it was Hawaii—leis, magnificent beach hotels, sun-tan, and native feasts.

Sonja Henie, of course, took a deal of the tropics' limelight—succeeding in catching both a very bad sore throat and a fiancé—millionaire sportman, Dan Topping.

In fact, Sonja liked the islands so much—the romance, not the sore throat, must have swayed her—that she is now looking for a home on Oahu. She wants a permanent summer hideout beside the Pacific.

THEN Dotty Lamour whirled down to Honolulu for the world the colony's first—of "Typhoon." She gave the locals all the thrill of personal appearances, sultry songs, then relaxed, to have herself an exceedingly good time.

Dorothy was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. O. L. Castleberry, on this trip.

Used only to the seclusion of Janet Gaynor, and the occasional

## Carpet slippers for glamor boys

WHAT has happened to the good old theory that a male star lost his feminine fan appeal when he played a father on the screen? It's being ignored by every studio! The movies now are showing their heroes in carpet slippers, pipe in mouth, newspaper in hand, and juggling a baby on the knee. Even the he-men are doing the "daddy act."

Spencer Tracy has just finished his first father role in "Edison, the Man." He has both a son and a daughter (as he has in real life) and he even sings a nursery jingle to the baby.

Clark Gable is getting to be an established screen father. In "Boom Town," he and Claudette Colbert will have a "little Gable" and

the studio wants both a six-months-old infant and a boy of five who look a lot like Gable. It's a story point. Clark was a father in "Test Pilot" and "Gone With The Wind."

James Stewart, the floppers' choice of 1940, already has been a papa—in "Made For Each Other."

William Powell did the daddy chore in "Another Thin Man," and handsome Walter Pidgeon was called "papa" in "Stranger Than Desire."

It's a long but distinctive list. Joel McCrea did a daddy duty in "Wells Fargo," and Dan Ameche in "Alexander Graham Bell." Eddie Albert was a father in "Brother Rat and a Baby."

band-wagon visits of Shirley Temple, Honolulu waited breathlessly for more—more came.

Bette Davis was the next—four weeks for her underneath that Hawaiian moon, with a publicity agent from her studio on hand. This holiday was something new for Bette, who is usually so devoted to her austere New England.

Almost the next white liner brought in a honeymoon couple—Mary Martin, of "The Great Victor Herbert," and her husband, Richard Halliday. No, he is not the actor Halliday, but a Paramount producer.

The cameras had scarcely stopped

snapping for this pair, when in came Irene Dunne, announcing her intention of staying a month.

It was a summer full of stars for Hawaii.

After all this travel no one took any notice of the film agent who spent his summer building Hollywood's only salt-water swimming pool—with a consumption of three tons of salt per season.

Not all the travellers' tales, however, dwell upon pure pleasure.

Little Maureen O'Sullivan and her baby hastened up to Canada, to spend all his brief leave with hus-

band John Farrow—who is definitely in the navy now.

Joan Crawford took the first plane for New York—to help out a friend.

This friend, Katherine Albert, whom the star has known for fifteen years, is writing a novel based upon Joan's life, and needed the personal collaboration of its subject.

Bing Crosby went down to the Argentine, ostensibly for a rest, really to buy horses for his racing string. Bing's now swopping race-track yarns with our other owners, who include Barbara Stanwyck, Zeppo Marx, George Raft, Don Ameche, Virginia Bruce and her hus-

band J. Walter Ruben, and Myron Selznick.

Myron Selznick's name may mean nothing to you. He is the richest agent—actors' agent—in Hollywood.

By the way, South America is growing more popular in every way with the movie people. Lew Ayres spent four weeks on an air tour south of Panama. Errol Flynn brightened up the night-life of Rio considerably before moving on in his own plane.

Didn't anybody stay at home? The nearest most people kept to their own front door was—Palm Springs.

Honeymooners here, too, in William Powell and his wife.

SPENCER TRACY, the wife and children divided their time between Palm Springs and La Quinta, another desert resort. Garbo was in Palm Springs, too, for a while before she flew to Bermuda, and donned a startling swim-suit.

Ann Sheridan drove her own car to Palm Springs—and thrilled the whole staff of a wayside garage when her car made a spectacular breakdown: she had run out of petrol.

It was yachting for Ann Rutherford, who has a new beau with no screen interests but masses of money; and yachting for Paulette Goddard, too. In Charlie Chaplin's yacht, Panacea.

Jimmy Cagney—usually listed as a yachtsman—took his family down to their beach home at Balboa, then spent his own spare time driving trotting horses on a private race-track in the San Fernando Valley.

Jimmy has become a complete harness-race fan.

All in all, a grand summer.





1 ON BRIEF VISIT to Hongkong, ailing Joan Ames and Dan Hardesty, escaped criminal, drawn irresistibly to each other, part convinced they will meet again.

## "One Way Passage" is filmed again



2 HARDESTY is arrested by detective Steve Burke, who takes him aboard steamer for Frisco and gaol.



4 HE DOES NOT know that Joan is suffering from incurable heart disease, and the pair, each determined not to mar the happiness of the other, fall desperately in love.



3 WHEN he finds Joan is on the same ship, Dan, aided by Steve, manages to keep the truth from her.

### Drama for new romantic team

WARNER BROTHERS' "Till We Meet Again" is the first of a trio of romantic dramas to star Merle Oberon and George Brent.

In this picture Merle plays Joan Ames, and Brent Dan Hardesty. The Countess de Vaubert is Binnie Barnes, and her companion, Rocky, Frank McHugh.

Merle and George will later be seen in "The Constant Nymph" and "The House on the Hill".



5 RATHER than leave Joan, Dan refuses chance for escape offered by friendly crooks Countess de Vaubert and Rocky, and remains aboard ship.



## Take up the challenge of Youth!

Loveliness is yours if you match the fine smooth skin of youth. And to-day every woman can perform this seeming miracle of beauty. With cooling, refreshing "Skin Deep" you can bring that soft repose wherein the lines of care and tiredness vanish; where the roughness of sun and wind is smoothed away, and youth returns with the gladness of new beauty.



"Skin Deep" is excitingly new, a NON-ALKALINE Skin Cream, altogether different from anything else, and almost a sensation wherever it is introduced! It's the first and only cream of its kind. It simply soaks right into your skin, softening, nourishing and rejuvenating. It follows the methods of nature herself in restoring the natural beauty of the skin of youth.

**Skin Deep**  
Non-Alkaline  
SKIN CREAM

Atkinsons of London

So easy...so refreshing. Just smooth "Skin Deep" lightly into the skin. Apply every night regularly—it beautifies while you sleep. Note: "Skin Deep" can comfortably be left on overnight, as it is almost entirely absorbed. No greasy bed-time faces!



and at Sydney

## Amazing, New Shampoo Discovery Sweeps Aside Old-fashioned Methods



### Thrills Nation with Beautifying Results

It's no wonder women everywhere are raving about this amazing new type foam shampoo—no wonder one trial converts them for life! For it gives your hair a thrilling new gleam. Yes, actually transforms dull, average-looking hair into a brilliant glistening halo—

Try it soon—see how beautiful YOUR hair really can be. Just how this unusual shampoo works these miracles is a scientific secret. It isn't an oil! It isn't a soap—it isn't anything you've heard of before.

Scientists have brought us something brand new; a shampoo so different that they've patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops of Colinated "foam" Shampoo and instantly you get a glorious billowy bubbly foam, five times more than soap lather. So neutral that it is ideal for either oily or dry hair. You rub it briskly into the hair, rinse thoroughly, and you're through. "What," you say, "no special rinses, no vinegar, no lemon or after-rinses to 'cut' the lather?" No, they are NOT necessary—just a thorough dousing in clear water! That's the marvellous

part. Colinated foam Shampoo cannot leave unrinseable film on hair to cover up natural lustre, as ordinary soap washing or powder shampoos do. Your hair is left radiant, silky, smooth. More amazing, embarrassing flakes of dandruff disappear with a single washing, leaving the scalp scrupulously clean.

Doctors recommend it because its thorough cleansing is the quickest, best way to a healthy head of hair.

Only half a teaspoonful for a perfect shampoo... the most economical and beautiful shampoo you have ever used.

Try Colinated "foam" Shampoo at once. It costs less per shampoo. And is obtainable at all chemists and stores.



# PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

## ★★★ MY SON, MY SON

(Week's Best Release)

Brian Aherne, Louis Hayward.  
(United Artists.)

FREELY adapted from the Howard Spring best-selling novel, "My Son, My Son" is a moving and most finely produced drama.

Story tells of a father (Brian Aherne) who, having experienced poverty and restriction in his youth, determines to give his motherless son all that he himself missed.

Blinded by love he cannot see that his pampering encourages the son's inherent weaknesses of character, and the boy (Hayward) grows up a despicable coward, liar, and a cheat.

Climax comes when Hayward maliciously attempts to win the girl his father loves (Madeleine Carroll) for himself.

In an excellent cast stand out Louis Hayward as the son, Henry Hull as Aherne's friend, and young Laraine Day, as Maeve. Laraine should win stardom from her role.

Although it has a hopeful ending, "My Son, My Son's" greatest appeal is to those to like to mingle tears with their entertainment.—Century; showing.

## ★★ BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940

Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell.  
(MGM.)

THOSE who like watching musical spectacle and tap-dancing will enjoy this film.

It has some ingenious settings—one in which Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell dance on mirrors is particularly effective—and a variety of bright entertainment in the vaudeville manner.

But admirers of Astaire, who makes his first screen appearance in over a year, are going to be disappointed.

As a self-sacrificing, self-effacing young dancer who allows his less able two-timing partner, George Murphy, to take all the glory that he should have, and even teaches

## Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

him the steps with which he wins success, Fred lacks his usual sparkle and exuberance.

The story is just a series of unoriginal situations which enable the three principals to dance together in various combinations.

Of the trio Fred is outstanding, both by reason of his likeable personality and his dancing.—St. James; showing.

## ★★ TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Merle Oberon, George Brent.  
(Warners.)

THIS is a remake of the 1932 film, "One Way Passage," with Merle Oberon and George Brent in the roles played by Kay Francis and William Powell.

Definitely a woman's picture it is an emotionally appealing, finely-acted love tragedy.

The film opens in Hongkong, with Merle and Brent, total strangers, falling in love. They meet again on a luxury liner bound for the States.

Brent, in charge of detective Pat O'Brien, is being returned to San Quentin to hang for a murder, while Merle is suffering from an incurable heart ailment.

Neither is aware of the other's impending doom. Each is determined to snatch at brief happiness together while they may.

Brent and Merle are sincere and believable.

This film has its lighter moments—chiefly provided by Blinnie Barnes and Frank McHugh as a typical pair of shipboard crooks.—Piazza; showing.

## SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



ANATOLE LITVAK WORE A GAS MASK WHILE DIRECTING CARRIAGE SCENES IN "ALL THIS AND HEAVEN, TOO" (HE IS ALLERGIC TO HORSES!)

GREER GARSON REFUSED TO REMOVE HER DRESS FOR A SCENE IN "PRIDE IN PREJUDICE" UNTIL THE SET WAS CLEARED—ALTHOUGH SHE WORE ENOUGH GARMENTS UNDERNEATH TO CLOTHE A DOZEN MODERN GALS.

Billy LEE

WENT ALL THE WAY TO ALBANY, GEORGIA, TO APPEAR PERSONALLY AT THE PREMIERE OF HIS LATEST PICTURE, "THE BISCUIT EATER," BUT WAS NOT ALLOWED TO SEE THE FILM!

(HIS FOLKS FEAR THAT SEEING HIMSELF ON THE SCREEN WILL SPOIL HIM.)

## ★★ SECRET OF DR. KILDARE

Lionel Barrymore, Lew Ayres.  
(MGM.)

ONE of the most enjoyable of the Dr. Kildare series, with Lionel Barrymore again playing the shrewd veteran doctor and Lew Ayres his promising young assistant.

In this episode, Barrymore, although breaking under the strain of overwork, is conducting special research on pneumonia.

He passes over to Ayres the case of Helen Gilbert, millionaire's daughter, who is suffering from a mysterious ailment.

Cast is exceptionally capable. But Barrymore, in the role of the wise, kindly doctor that suits him so well, dominates the film.—Lyceum; showing.

## ★ AT THE CIRCUS

Marx Brothers, Kenny Baker.  
(MGM.)

NOT quite up to the standard of their earlier films, this latest Marx Brothers farce, nevertheless, provides a few hearty laughs.

Story is centred on the efforts of circus owner Kenny Baker to pay off a loan so that he can keep the show.

The Marx Brothers help him get the money.

The circus is a playground for this crazy trio. You see them in the miniature quarters of the midge, in the stateroom of the strong man (Nat Pendleton), walking the ceiling.

Kenny Baker (of "The Mikado") sings several attractive solos.—Capitol; showing.

## ★ SAFARI

Doug Fairbanks, Jan. Madeleine Carroll.  
(Paramount.)

WANDERING through jungle fastnesses in the company of a beautiful woman is becoming a habit with Doug Fairbanks, jun.

In this film he is in the heart of darkest Africa, with Madeleine Carroll at his side.

He is a hunter, hired to conduct safaris; Madeleine a playgirl, who is trying to win a proposal from wealthy baron, Tullio Carminati, but finds herself falling in love with Doug.

Despite exotic jungle set-up, however, Doug holds out on romance till the final scene.—Mayfair; showing.

## Shows Still Running

★★★ (plus) *Gone With the Wind*. Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable in superb version of best-selling novel, ranking as finest film of any year. Liberty; 9th week.

★★★ *French Without Tears*. Ray Milland, Ellen Drew in delightful sophisticated modern comedy. Prince Edward; 10th week.

★★★ *Rebecca*. Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier in moving, beautifully produced drama from Daphne du Maurier's sombre book. Regent; 3rd week.

★★ *A Bill of Divorcement*. Maureen O'Hara, Adolphe Menjou in poignant drama. Embassy; 2nd week.



## THE LION'S ROAR

It took mighty M-G-M to bring the world's two greatest dancers together! And what a Show of Shows they're in! FRED ASTAIRE and ELEANOR POWELL in "BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940".

Headed by the King of Dancers and the Queen of Taps, it's a sensational!

You can't help getting excited about the finest "Broadway Melody" of them all! For "Broadway Melody of 1940" proves beyond a doubt that Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell were born to dance... together! And besides, there are George Murphy, Frank Morgan, Ian Hunter, Florence Rice, Lynne Carver, Ann Morris and a cast of hundreds!

There's just glory in this grand eye-staggering, tune-ticking musical, romantic spectacle!

By now you've got the idea that "BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940" is tops in bright and breezy entertainment. It's a worthy addition to M-G-M's current list of great hits—"Balalaika" with Nelson Eddy, Ilona Massey, Charlie Ruggles; "Another Thin Man" with William Powell and Myrna Loy; "Judge Hardy and Son" with Mickey Rooney and the Judge Hardy Family; "The Wizard of Oz" in Technicolor with Judy Garland, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr and Jack Haley; "Nimrod" with the laughing Garbo, Melvyn Douglas and Ina Claire; "Babes in Arms" with Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland and Charles Winninger; and, of course, David O. Selznick's Technicolor production "Gone With the Wind", starring Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard and Olivia De Havilland!

LEO, of M-G-M.

## Varicose Veins are Quickly Reduced

No sensible person will continue to suffer from dangerous swollen veins or bunches when the new, powerful, yet harmless germicide called Moone's Emerald Oil can readily be obtained at any well-stocked chemist.

Ask for a two-ounce original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength), and refuse substitutes. Use as directed, and in a few days improvement will be noticed, then continue until the swollen veins are reduced to normal.

## Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

**MAURICE MOSCOVITCH**, popular film character actor, who died suddenly in Hollywood, was well known to Australian theatre audiences through his stage tours.

His son Nat, known on the screen as Noel Madison, who is now in Hollywood, has also played on the Australian stage.

Moscovitch's latest films were "Make Way For To-morrow" and "Lancer Spy."

**OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND** has been selected for the leading role in Warners' screen version of "Annabel Lee," the well-known poem by Edgar Allan Poe. Jeffrey Lynn will appear as the poet, with Brenda Marshall, Fay Bainter and Donald Crisp in supporting roles.

"ALL THIS AND HEAVEN, TOO" will probably be as long as "Gone With the Wind." The whole film has been shot, and the studio is so pleased with it that they don't want to cut it. The Warner Brothers are now considering releasing the picture in two parts, or releasing it as a four-hour film, with an interval half way through.

DID you know that Joan Blondell started her acting career in Australia? She made her debut on the Australian stage at the age of twelve.

WHEN Paramount's "A Night at Earl Carroll's" is released fans will see the inside of a real Hollywood night club.

From eight to four every day the movie company shoots scenes inside Carroll's famous theatre-restaurant on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. Then the equipment is carted away so that the club can be opened for regular business in the evening.

CLARK GABLE had to take four days off from production on "Boom Town" to nurse a cut lip and a black eye, acquired during a rough and tumble fight scene.



## For CONSTIPATION

Mother! Keep baby's habits regular and bloodstream cool during teething by giving Steedman's Powders. The gentle, safe aperient used by mothers for over 100 years—for children up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet printed free on request.  
**Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS**

John Steedman & Co., Walsworth Rd., London, Eng.



## Cheerfulness

comes from Strong Nerves and Restorative Sleep

THE great value of 'Ovaltine' for strengthening the nervous system and giving restorative sleep has been amply demonstrated by independent scientific tests. No food beverage can establish superiority over 'Ovaltine' in any respect whatever.

'Ovaltine' is a complete food, containing the essential vitamins, proteins, carbohydrates and mineral salts in correct proportions. Because of its supreme quality and concentrated goodness it is most economical in use. In times of nerve strain make 'Ovaltine' your constant stand-by.

## OVALTINE

Prices: 1/9, 2/10, 5/- at all Chemists and Stores

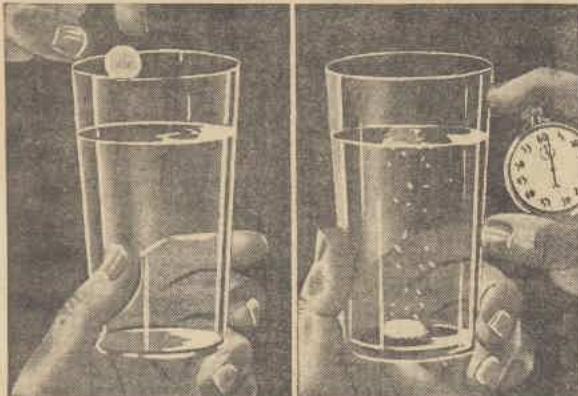
A. WANDER LTD., 1 YORK STREET NORTH, SYDNEY

06-12-40



# SPEED You CAN SEE!

HERE IS SIMPLE PROOF THAT *Genuine* BAYER'S ASPIRIN IS READY TO "TAKE HOLD" OF 'FLU AND HEADACHES *FAST*....



1. Drop a Bayer's Aspirin into a glass of water.

2. Note that by the time it reaches the bottom it is disintegrating.

**YOUR OWN EYES TELL YOU NOW WHY BAYER'S ACTS SO SWIFTLY**

Remember these pictures when you want quick relief from pain.

As shown above, Bayer's is ready in two seconds to begin taking hold of Headache, 'Flu and pains of Rheumatism and Neuritis. Bayer's will not affect the heart or upset the digestion. This commonsense demonstration has convinced millions of Aspirin

users of the wisdom of always saying — Bayer's Aspirin.



## The Australian Women's Weekly — Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss. Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

## Lord Grebe Rides to Hounds

Continued from Page 5

"If you've made a mistake over judgin' the marrows—and you must have or Connie would have got the first prize—it would be a dashed sight more honest to own up to it and have it put right. This sort of hole-and-corner game makes a confoundedly bad impression, you know."

The Milchester Town Band was playing "Land of Hope and Glory" at a range of about twenty yards from the disputants, but General Bloodthumper Todd's reply was clearly audible above the rolling of the drums and the braying of the conches.

"Upon my soul, Grebe, this is goin' too far!" he bellowed. "So I'm dishonest, am I, hey? Before we know where we are, we'll have you accusin' me of embassin' the Hunt funds. Just let me tell you this, and you can pass it on to your wife, what you're doin' now amounts to blackmail, and puttin' that rotten, shrivelled marrow on show was neither more nor less than an attempt to obtain money by false pretences. The pair of you ought to be in gaol!"

"If that's the way you're goin' to take it, my dear fellow," replied the Peer with dignity, "there's no more to be said. Except just this. As you know, I was Master of the East Loamshire pack myself for five years, and though my confounded sciatica's kept me from followin' hounds lately, I've paid my subscription ever since. Well, from now on I'm not goin' to subscribe any more; not so long as you're Master. And as soon as the huntin' season starts I'm goin' to put wires up all over my land, and give orders to my keepers to poison all the foxes they can find. Dash it all, down-right dishonesty's one thing, but insultin' my wife's marrow is the last straw!"

And without waiting for a reply, he swung round on his heel and strode off in the direction of the swing-boat. As he walked, his conscience pricked him, for the words he had just uttered were short of blasphemy, but he reassured himself with the reflection that this fellow Todd was becoming quite impossible, and something had to be done to keep him in his place.

On his way home to Sylme Court in the car he recounted to his wife what had passed at the interview.

"I'm afraid, Connie, I put his back up," he concluded, "but the fellow was confoundedly offensive, you know."

"Listen, Charles," said Lady Grebe, speaking with a sort of icy calm. "Somehow or other we've got to get our own back on General Todd; he

can't be allowed to get away with it. We'll have to think up something pretty hot in the way of revenge."

"Just as you say, dear," replied the master of Sylme Court. "But I can't think of anything at the moment. My mind's a complete blank. We'll ask Coombs as soon as we get home; he's sure to be able to suggest something."

Coombs, the butler, however, was unable to suggest an immediate solution of the problem.

"Your best course, my Lady," he said gravely, when he had heard the story to the bitter conclusion, "would seem to be to play a waiting game. In this way the offending party will be lulled into a false sense of security. Give General Todd enough rope and he will hang himself."

"You're talkin' like a fool, Coombs," said Lord Grebe. "I haven't got any rope, and if I had I wouldn't give it to that fellow."

"I was speaking figuratively," explained the butler. "What I intended to suggest was that General Todd, if left to his own devices, would sooner or later provide your Lordship with an opportunity for that retaliation which we all so earnestly desire. Patience, my Lord, and unceasing vigilance should be your Lordship's watchword."

Lady Grebe heaved a sigh.

"I dare say you're right, Coombs," she said, "but let me tell you this. Sooner or later, and rope or no rope, General Todd's going to be mighty sorry he ever awarded the first prize to Farmer Mucklow."

"Very good, my Lady."

TIME marched on,

and the hunting season was now in full swing, but as yet no opportunity had offered itself for revenge upon the unspeakable Todd. Lord Grebe had not withdrawn his support from the East Loamshire Hunt, nor had he given orders for the destruction of foxes or the wiring of his land, for such acts of petty retaliation were no part of the policy outlined by Coombs, the butler. Nevertheless, it looked very much as if the miscreant would go unpunished, and Lady Grebe was growing restive. She communicated what was in her mind to her husband one morning just after breakfast, as he sat in the library with two old friends, General Gout and Sir Otto Gourmand, who were spending a few days at Sylme Court.

"When are we going to do something to get even with that snake-in-the-grass General Bloodthumper

Todd, Charles?" she demanded. "Here have we been sitting idle all these months waiting for a sign, but it's high time we took some action."

Lord Grebe shook his head. "I don't know, Connie," he said. "I was tellin' Gout and Gourmand all about it only just last night, and they both seemed to think it was better just to sit tight, like Coombs said. I mean to say, there's no point in doin' anything rash, what?"

"Well, of course, if you don't mind your wife being insulted by a broken-winded Brigadier-General," retorted Lady Grebe with a sniff. "I suppose I mustn't complain, but I do think

"How would it be to send him along a bottle of '36 port with a shot of weed-killer in it?" suggested Sir Otto Gourmand, anxious to cause diversion. "That threat of yours, Grebe, about poisonin' the foxes, was obviously absurd—no gentleman would do a thing like that—but I can't see any harm in poisonin' Bloodthumper Todd."

"Can't you?" said General Gout. "I can. It would create a dashed dangerous precedent. After all, if people once got it into their heads that they could go about the place poisonin' Generals, there's no knowin' where it would stop. What Grebe ought to do is call the fellow out, challenge him to a duel. I don't mind actin' as a second."

"Splendid!" cried Lady Grebe. "Now Charles, you will do this for my sake?"

Lord Grebe fiddled nervously with his eyeglasses.

"No, Connie," he said. "I'm dashed if I will. I might kill the fellow, and then I'd be hanged, and there'd be a shockin' scandal in the county. Besides, it's against the law."

It was perhaps fortunate that Coombs, the butler, entered the room at that moment, for Lady Grebe was about to say something which in calmer moments she might have regretted.

"I beg your pardon, my Lady," said Coombs, "but the head gardener informs me that the buns have not been delivered this morning. It occurred to me that your Ladyship might wish me to telephone the contractor."

Sir Otto Gourmand, who was profoundly interested in anything to do with food, looked up sharply.

"Please don't trouble yourself on my account, dear Lady," he told his hostess. "I dare say I can manage without buns for one day."

"Yes, Coombs, you'd better telephone at once," said Lady Grebe, and turned to her guest. "That's very good of you, Sir Otto, but these buns are for the elephant!"

"The elephant?" "Yes, hasn't Charles told you? We're putting up an elephant for a few days in the Old Tith Barn. It belongs to Lord Fustian, who keeps a private zoo just the other side of Milchester, but the elephant house needed repairing, and he asked us to keep the beast while the job was being done. It's a bit of a nuisance, but of course Lord Fustian pays for the buns, and as he once helped Charles out of rather an awkward hole with the income tax people, we couldn't very well refuse."

"Very right and proper," grunted General Gout. "One should never be under an obligation for longer than one can help to a fellow like that, and after all it might have been worse. He might have asked you to keep a herd of buffaloes or a pride of lions, what?"

Lord Grebe suddenly leaned forward.

"Just a minute, Coombs, don't go yet," he said. "This elephant business has given me an idea. Isn't there a meet of the East Loamshires somewhere near here to-morrow morning?"

"I believe so, my lord," answered the butler from the doorway. "I understand hounds are meeting outside the Cow and Skittles in Mudflats-on-Trym at 11 o'clock."

"I suppose General Bloodthumper Todd will be out?"

"I imagine so, my lord. The Master never misses a meet if he can help it."

"I don't see," put in Lady Grebe querulously, "what all this has to do with Lord Fustian's elephant."

"You will in a minute, Connie. My idea was that Gout, Gourmand and I should attend the meet ridin' on the elephant. There's some sort of howdah in the barn; Fustian uses it for givin' children rides in his park; and if we all three turned up at the meet on an elephant, this Todd fellow would feel pretty small, what?"

Please turn to Page 30

## Free SIREN SOAP Users Luxuriously Soft BATH TOWELS

How lovely to feel one of these soft, roomy towels around you... warm and indulgent when you step from your bath. They're extra thick, too... deep, "thirsty" towels to gladden the hearts of your menfolk. Take your choice, ladies—the smart white Admiralty or the gay coloured one. Save your Siren crosses now.



SNOWY WHITE ADMIRALTY or MODERN COLOURED BATH TOWEL 23" x 46". Save 60 Crosses from 15 Siren Bars.

Call at LINTAS DEPOT to see complete range of gifts or write for list.

22,104,82

I LIKE THE GOOD, BIG SIZE!

DEEPLY NAPPED

### HOW TO GET YOUR GIFT

Take your crosses to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 York Street (Town Hall end), SYDNEY.

If you cannot call, attach your crosses to a piece of paper on which you have written:

1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS.
2. The gift you require.
3. Number of crosses enclosed.

and post to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, Box 4267 Y, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

IMPORTANT! Uncertain conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

SAVE THESE CROSSES



I. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.



# Real Life Stories

## Short and Snappy

### GOOD WEIGHT

MANY years ago I bought a full-length tweed cape with a very wide storm collar which was weighted at either front end.

When I grew weary of the garment as a cape I unpicked the seams with the object of making a skirt of the material. To my surprise out of the unpicked collar rolled the "weights"—two half-crown pieces.

10/6 to Miss E. Auld, 22 Heytesbury Rd., Subiaco, W.A.

### OVERLOOKED!

IN a small country town a committee of women decided to give a newly-wed couple a kitchen tea.

Everyone arrived with their gifts, but when the guests of honor did not turn up the committee became anxious. After much consultation it was found that no one had thought to invite the young couple. A hasty rush to the love-nest found the two settled down by the fire, from which they refused to move, kitchen tea or no kitchen tea.

2/6 to Mrs. F. Gall, Campbell Town, Tas.

### TOO HELPFUL

WHEN finishing off my winter frock this year I carefully pinked the seams, then put the frock to one side while I heated the iron to press it.

On picking it up again, I found the pinking cut off.

My husband announced proudly, "I trimmed the seams up for you."

This help wasn't appreciated!

2/6 to Mrs. A. Fettington, Post Office, Gurley, N.S.W.

### WRONG SENSE

OUR little Mary's grandmother has the old-fashioned way of measuring a yard by holding one end of the material to her nose and then stretching it to arm's length.

One day Mary found a piece of ribbon. Carrying it to her grandmother she gravely requested: "Grandma, please will you smell this and see how long it is?"

2/6 to Kate Kennedy, Dee Why Rd., North Curl Curl, N.S.W.

### EASY FISHING

ABOUT the middle of last year I went by car on an overland trip. We had to cross the Dawson River, which was almost 2 ft. 6 in. deep. As we pulled out of the water on the other side I was astonished to see a fair-sized fish jumping on the running-board. I held it on the step until clear of the water, and we had fish for tea that evening.

2/6 to Joyce Tarlington, Jadine and Meade Sts., Wandal, Rockhampton, Qld.

### FLY-CATCHER DE LUXE

IN the early days of the Coolgardie gold rush I went to an eating-house and at the table I was joined by another man. He sat down and feeling inside his coat took out a small animal and placed it on his shoulder. I took a closer look and saw it was a young goanna about six inches long.

Presently the food was served—and with the food came the flies! Hundreds of them! It was necessary to eat with one hand while the other was kept free for brushing the flies from the plate. I noticed that my companion had no such trouble, and I soon saw the reason.

The little goanna was a perfect fly-catcher! As the insects settled on my companion's face, clothes and plate its tongue flicked in and out, the tiny neck worked backward and forward and the number of flies consumed must have been enormous!

2/6 to W. J. Thomas, Tramore, 54 Darley Rd., Manly, N.S.W.

### MATCHED

ENTERING a suburban drapery shop, a man unwrapped a small paper parcel and disclosed an arrowroot biscuit. He explained that his wife had sent him to buy a pair of stockings of biscuit shade, but, doubtful of his ability to recognize the color, he insisted on a sample. The shade was matched perfectly.

2/6 to Miss M. Gibb, 12 Clarence St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.



"HOW THANKFUL I was that my father had shown me how the rockets worked..."

## Small heroine of lighthouse mishap

Fired fog-warning rockets all night

BEFORE coming to Australia many years ago my father was a lighthouse-keeper on the rocky coast of Cornwall. As a little girl I delighted in watching him start the beam. On very foggy nights the light was little use as a warning to shipping, so a rocket had to be fired every 5 minutes.

One night after my father had started up to attend to the light, and I had been in bed for what seemed ages, I realised that the fog signal was not to be heard.

Knowing that in this case the beam should have been flashing I peered out to sea and saw nothing but a thick white fog. Racing down the spiral staircase, I found my father lying unconscious. He must have slipped and fallen down the stairs.

How thankful I was that my father had shown me how the

rockets worked. Opening the door which led to the little platform I hastily fitted in two rockets, one each side of the arm, pressed the detonator, and bang! the first rocket was fired.

The ships at sea knew that the lighthouse fired its rockets as danger signals at five-minute intervals. So all night, although numbed with cold and choking with fog, I worked, loading, firing and re-loading, until morning brought the assistant keeper and found me a very weary, but happy, little girl.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Hill, 90 Goodwood Rd., Goodwood, S.A.

### Whirlwind's wreckage

DRY summer heat made a blue haze over the countryside. Looking out from my verandah I noticed on the slight hillside fronting my home a whirlwind gaining momentum.

Thinking of the bush saying that whirlies mean dry weather, I sighed, because the country was surely dry enough.

As the dust whirled closer I shut the front door, but without any thought of danger. A gust of wind whistled by, the pictures on the wall shook slightly—nothing more.

Within a few minutes I heard anxious voices calling to know whether I and the children were safe.

I opened my front door to find that the verandah had been ripped right off the house—roof, supports and all!

Timber and railings were carried over 400 feet and broken into tinder. Only a few feet away from the verandah, just outside the whirlwind's path, a child's play-tent stood untouched.

2/6 to Mrs. J. O'Neill, Auckland St., Gladstone, Qld.

### Only frightened

MY husband and I went shooting one afternoon, and, having no luck, we separated. Bored, I fired three shots at an old stump in the swamp, then left for home. As I came round the rise I saw a small boy in a heap on the grass.

My thoughts jumped to the shot I had fired. One must have misused—I was a murderer! My legs could hardly carry me as I ran to the boy and fell on my knees beside him. He lifted himself slightly and putting his hand to his cheek said his face was sore and someone had shot at him. His mouth and cheek were all red. Trying feverishly to gather my wits I examined his face, but I couldn't find a wound.

Suddenly I felt suspicious of the "blood," so I wiped his face and the jam came off. I was almost sick with relief.

When I took the lad home I found that he was terrified of firearms and had been told to lie down if he heard shots.

2/6 to Mrs. G. Cook, 32 Gilsland Rd., Murrumbidgee, S.E. Vic.

### Petrol alight

DURING the coal strike, petrol for our town was brought up from Sydney by truck. An acquaintance of mine was bringing 30 drums up, and also carried two passengers. Coming over the mountains they stopped to fill the petrol tank, using a piece of rubber hose to siphon the petrol out of the drum into a tin, with which they then filled the tank. The tin overflowed, leaving a stream of petrol from the drum to the tank.

While the driver was filling up, the passengers got out to stretch their legs, and one thoughtlessly lit a cigarette and flicked the lighted match away.

Immediately a stream of fire started to run along the trickle of petrol straight for the drum from which hung the still dripping hose. Quickly the other passenger grabbed the hose and pulled it free, throwing it well away into the road, where it burnt away. The driver hastily backed the truck away from the fire and so saved the whole load of petrol.

2/6 to Mrs. V. R. Bell, East St., Grenfell, N.S.W.

## FINICKY NORMAN

Norman's mother was worried—very worried about him. He was pale, nervous and highly strung. He tired easily and was finicky over food, until...



**HORLICKS**

GUARDS CHILDREN AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

### Basement blaze

I WAS working years ago in a bookshop in an English town. On a bitterly cold December morning I went into the basement to put some food in the gas-stove to heat for the midday meal. I put my hands in the oven to warm them.

A few moments later I smelt burning, and looking down I saw the hem of my big apron ablaze. The thought came: "Roll on the floor," but the floor was strewn with wrappings of all kinds, in which Christmas books had been delivered. I pictured myself trapped in a blazing basement.

Somehow I managed to reach the top of the stairs where two other assistants saw me. One screamed, but the other pulled off her apron and tightly wrapped it round me, putting out the flames.

2/6 to Miss E. Pledger, 23 Ashburton St., Victoria Park, Perth.

### SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week. For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published. Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column. Full address at top of Page 3.





## WOMEN WANTED URGENTLY IN BUSINESS!

Here is YOUR Opportunity to help all the places being vacated by men. STOP! It can prepare you successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever. SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following Courses:

Shortland, Typing, General Education, Bookkeeping (Station, Mercantile, Farm), Correspondence, Accounting, Story Writing, Journalism (F'ree), Advertisement Wtg., Showcards, Tickets, Dramatization, Architectural Work, Commercial English, Com. Arithmetic, Motor, Radio, etc.

**Stott's Correspondence College**  
198 Russell Street, Melbourne: 147-149  
Castlereagh Street, Sydney: 298 Adelaide Street, Brisbane.  
Mail This Coupon Out Here  
TO STOTT'S (Nearest Address, see list). I should like details of your course/s in  
MY NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
A.W.W. 1296

## HOLIDAYS

ANYWHERE—ANY PLACE—ANY TIME  
The Australian Women's Weekly  
Travel Bureau  
St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney. Telephone MA150.

THERE WAS A short silence, while the company revolved this startling proposal in their minds. At last Lady Grebe spoke.

"I'm not sure, Charles," she said slowly, "that there isn't something in this idea of yours, though it would need careful handling. What do you think, Coombs?"

The butler coughed.

"Well, my Lady, I myself would scarcely have advised such a course, since it might have a damaging effect upon his Lordship's reputation in county society. The fox-hunting fraternity, as your Ladyship is well aware, are inclined to be touchy. At the same time, it is conceivable that the plan might work, and if his Lordship desires to proceed with it I shall, of course, co-operate by every means in my power."

"Thanks, Coombs," said Lord Grebe. "That's dashed good of you, my dear fellow."

"If you ask me," put in General Gout, "I think it's a dashed sound scheme. When I was up in Tibet in '89 we kept a pack of Salukis, and used to go after pandas ridin' on yaks. The goin' was pretty rough, and as far as I remember we never actually killed, but though we were fairly busy at the time, most of the fellows managed to get in three days a week. I can't see why we shouldn't ride to hounds on an elephant, and it's sure to annoy this fellow Todd."

"The chief advantage of a howdah," observed Sir Otto Gourmand,

"is that you can carry a lunch basket with you instead of havin' to rely on sandwiches and a flask of cherry brandy. It's some years since I rode to hounds, but I'm perfectly willin' to come."

"In that case," said Lady Grebe, "we'll go ahead with the scheme. It may be a ghastly failure; but you can try anything once, and personally I'm inclined to think it'll come off. Coombs, of course, will make all the arrangements."

A meet of foxhounds in an English country village is always a picturesque spectacle, and the meet of the East Loamshires outside the Cow and Skittles, Mudflat-on-Trym, at eleven o'clock the next morning was no exception to the rule. There was a large field, consisting for the most part of leaders of county society, both male and female, and many of them wore the familiar "hunting pink."

The Mudflat villagers had turned out in force to watch the sport, and their mouths watered to see the landlady of the Cow and Skittles, who was in his element, carrying round a vast tray laden with brimming glasses of sherry. Prettiest sight of all was that of the hunt servants, circling slowly round upon their horses, and trying to curb the impatience of the pack by calling upon each hound by name.

"Yoicks, Fido!" they would cry. "Tally-ho, Towzer! Ponto, you brute, come away from that rubbish heap!" And the intelligent animals would instantly obey the word of command.

Just outside the main entrance to the inn, astride a huge, raw-boned steed, sat the Master, Brigadier-General Bloodthunder Todd, and his rubicund countenance wore a beatific smile as from this lofty eminence he surveyed his flock. The sun was shining brightly, a crisp tang was in the air, and there was every prospect of a rattling run. He looked at his wrist watch; it was not quite eleven; he would give them a few minutes more before moving off to draw the first covert.

All at once his attention was caught by a sudden commotion in the ranks of his followers, and looking up he gasped with astonishment and horror. Down the village street, advancing upon them with long, raking strides, came an enormous elephant, with a howdah upon its back and the squat, wizened figure of a turbaned Indian seated astride its neck.

As the animal drew nearer, it was possible to identify the three occupants of the howdah, all of whom were in full hunting kit with pink coats, and the Master's blood ran

## Continued from Page 28

cold as he realised that it was his old enemy, Lord Grebe, who, in company with General Gout and Sir Otto Gourmand, was responsible for this outrage.

Swallowing an imprecation, General Todd clapped spurs to his horse and cantered up to the newcomers.

"Mornin' Master," said Lord Grebe, greeting him with a smile. "Glorious day, isn't it? Scent ought to be good, what?"

"May I ask," demanded the Master, struggling to keep his voice under control, "what is the meaning of this masquerade?"

"Don't know what you mean, my dear fellow," replied Lord Grebe, cheerfully. "Gout and Gourmand and I thought we'd have a day out with the hounds. I suppose there's no objection to that; we're all members of the Hunt."

"But, confound it, sir, you can't follow hounds on an elephant!"

"I'm dashed if I see why not," answered the Peer. "What's that animal you're ridin' yourself, a dromedary?"

"Don't be an ass, Grebe," put in

General Gout. "Can't you see it's meant to be a horse? It's got thrush and a bog spavin, and I shouldn't wonder if it was sufferin' from rickets and German measles as well, but it's a horse all right."

Shaking with rage, the Master turned away, well aware that he was the cynosure of every eye.

"I suppose," he shouted over his shoulder, "I can't stop you makin' confounded idiots of yourselves in public, but you'd better keep well away from the hounds, or there'll be trouble."

And with a cry of "Hounds, gentlemen, please!" he led his followers off down the road in the direction of the nearest covert with Fido, Towzer and their companions frisking along ahead of him. General Gout spoke a word or two in Urdu to the elephant's Indian mahout, employed by Lord Fustian to look after the animal—and the great beast lurched slowly along in rear of the procession.

"That's first blood to us, Gout, I fancy," remarked Lord Grebe. "We've got the fellow on the raw, and if we come out like this on two or three more days, we'll have him howlin' for mercy."

Please turn to Page 32

## What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- 1—July is upon us this week—and talking of July, it was called after Julius Caesar—an ancient Greek god—an English shrub—the Norwegian goddess of mid-summer.
- 2—No whipping out the tape measure or the coin to answer this one, please! The circumference of our two shilling piece measures just on 3 inches—3½ inches—4 inches—4½ inches.
- 3—When the butcher offers you a nice hand, he means a particular piece of Beef—mutton—pork—veal.
- 4—Funny how those very well-known couplets so often trick us. For instance, can you give, word perfect, the line that follows:  
The boy stood on the burnin'-deck.
- 5—You're often gazed upon that post which supports the handrail at the head or foot of a stairway. It is properly called the King post—bannister jamb—newel post—lintel.
- 6—Every good Australian knows that Australia is the largest island in the world. The second largest is Borneo—Greenland—Great Britain—Baffin Land—New Guinea.
- 7—If you're interested in ceramic art, you're interested in Stuffed birds—pottery—painting in miniature—pressing flowers.
- 8—Take ten marks and go to the top of the class if you remember that Cromwell's soldiers were called Ironsides because of the iron in their armor—the swords they wore at their sides—one of their leaders, General Ironsides—the iron revolution they displayed at the Battle of Marston Moor.
- 9—What's a palindromic? An eastern servant—a sentence whose letters read the same both ways—a sort of canopy—a couplet in Greek verse.
- 10—One of the famous artists made quite a habit of painting and etching his own portrait. He was Leonardo da Vinci—Van Dyck—Rembrandt—Titian—Rubens.

Answers on Page 32

PRETTIER  
THAN EVER  
...IN YOUR  
SMART LITTLE  
JUMPER

Don't trust  
**WOOLLIES** to  
anything but  
**LUX**

If it's wool, it needs LUX CARE—that's a washing rule to remember. Because Lux is specially made for delicate washing and the fibres of wool are so extremely delicate that nothing but Lux is safe enough. There's no soda in Lux.

**GENTLE LUX KEEPS WOOLLENS LOVELY**

Three "don'ts" for washing woollens, to avoid shrinking, stretching, matting and fading. Don't rub. Don't use hot water. Don't risk anything but Lux. Creamy Lux suds, lukewarm, wash out the dirt and leave colours so crisply fresh and bright and texture so softly warm and springy that your woollens might well be taken for brand-new ones.

I give your woollies the only care that's safe for them! Spend pennies on me... and save pounds.

A LEVER PRODUCT

Two Friends  
the same age!

YOU CAN TELL AT  
A GLANCE WHICH ONE TAKES  
HARSH LAXATIVES  
EVERY DAY!

Every time you pour harsh purges and laxatives down your throat you shock your intestinal muscles into unnatural action. It's like punching them into action with a fist! Every dose makes those delicate muscles weaker. Your head aches... you feel sluggish... you look old!

Here is the natural and safe way to relieve constipation.

Kellogg's All-Bran supplies natural "bulk" needed to furnish regular elimination. All-Bran absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently, but effectively, aids elimination.

See Kellogg's All-Bran every morning... with milk and sugar, or sprinkled over your favourite cereal. Within a week you should be well again. Order a package of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer TO-DAY!

**KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**



## LIPSTICK FACTS WORTH KNOWING

Every woman wants a beautiful pair of lips—and she can have them! Yes, you can make your mouth as pretty as you please with just a little bit of experimenting. You don't have to be an expert at designing a good mouth, but you DO have to know these basic rules.

Do not wander too far away from Mother Nature! If you would look your smartest and prettiest. In other words, when you make up your lips do so without maligning the ones you were born with.

Experiment to find the color that suits you. The right color is the most vital requisite of lovely lips. So choose the shade of your lipstick with the utmost care. Red lipsticks are definitely headline news, and the new really red reds are fresher, prettier, and more youthful than anything we have ever had. But a vivid red may not be your color! Experiment! The tone of your skin, the color of your dress, the time of day—all play a part. If you want to look your prettiest you must make up at night, make up in the daylight, make up until you find the color that suits you best under specific conditions.

According to Mr. George L. Michael, creator of the famous Michel lipstick, you should bear in mind the following five points when buying your lipsticks. First and foremost is:

### Color:

This must be flattering to you. Fashion right, if possible, but primarily flattering to YOU! Second.

### Protective Quality:

Does the lipstick you use keep your lips soft and supple, silken smooth in all weathers? Third.

### Ease of Application:

A correctly balanced lipstick can be taken out of the refrigerator and applied with as much ease as at room temperature. Fourth.

### Indelibility:

Although you have been told of, and sold, "indelible" lipsticks, you know that there is no such thing. But some lipsticks do stay on longer than others. Fifth.

### Perfume:

Instinctively, when buying a cosmetic, each of us will put it to our nose. Even closed perfume bottles! Lipsticks are no exception and they should have a pleasing fragrance. But because we actually taste lipsticks, they should be taste-perfumed—not small-perfumed.

Michel Lipsticks meet all these requirements. Among the seven shades in which they come you will find the one that suits you. You will find that they keep the lips soft and supple. Yes, men, mountain climbers who suffer from cracked lips at high altitudes, use Michel to keep their lips in good condition. You will also find that they are easy to apply, even if chilled in an ice box, yet are not affected in the least by very hot weather. You will find that they last longer because of inherent relative indelibility and because they eliminate the tendency to wet one's lips, for Michel lips feel comfortable. You will find them delightfully fragrant to smell and taste—actually appetizing. Michel Lipsticks are worth trying—Price, 2/3.

## She Was Nervy, Despondent

ALWAYS TIRED AND RUN DOWN

"I always felt dead tired," states Mrs. E.L. of Warrnambool, Vic. "The least bit of work seemed a great trouble, and I would get despondent over nothing at all. I was very nervous and run-down."

"Immediately I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I felt the benefit. I became stronger and took more interest in life. Now, after a few bottles, my nerves have recovered and I feel so entirely different. I have lost the despondent, weary feeling and gained plenty of energy. Housework is now no trouble."

"When your nerves become tired and worn out, and weariness, worry, depression, dizzy spells cause wretched days and nights, you need the world-famous Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to revitalize your system throughout with new rich red blood. People who take these pills say they are wonderfully beneficial for the whole system. Begin Dr. Williams' Pink Pills without delay. If you are nervous, run-down, and need new strength and vigor. At chemists and stores. 1/1 bottle."

# Women Also Serve



PART OF THE HUGE CROWD which filled the Sydney Town Hall for the W.A.N.S. meeting.

## Inspiring response to win-the-war call

### Town Hall meeting couldn't hold enthusiastic crowd

"Every woman has come here to-night with just one steadfast purpose in her heart—how she can best serve her country."

In these words Lady Gowrie, sponsoring the Women's Australian National Service movement, expressed the feelings of the 9000 women who flocked to the Town Hall last week for the inaugural meeting.

WOMEN are apparently so determined to play a more active and responsible part in war work that the arrangements for the meeting were quite inadequate, and the rush to get in developed almost into a riot.

Sydney has never seen so many women in uniform.

Hundreds of Flying Club girls—smart and well groomed in their blue uniforms and forage caps—filled nearly half a balcony.

Transport and ambulance drivers, businesslike and efficient in their navy uniforms and peaked caps, half-filled another balcony.

Next to them was a big patch of green—the Women's Emergency Signalling Corps.

Determined not to waste a minute, the signallers in the balcony filled in the time before the meeting began taking messages from the Morse buzzer operated by their commandant, Mrs. McKenzie, who sat with another batch of signallers behind the stage.

The two newest uniforms, the khaki of the Women's Emergency Services and the suggested navy uniform with peaked cap for land girls and others in the W.A.N.S., made their bow.

The two senior uniforms, the Girl Guides and St. John Ambulance, moved among the crowd.

All types of women were among the recruits who accepted the 5000 enlistment cards and asked for more—housewives, grandmothers, two batches of schoolgirls, groups from women's sporting organisations, business girls, soldiers' brides.

### Many uniforms

IF you looked for the significance of this meeting in the history of women, you found it not only in the speeches but in clothes.

On this night when 9000 women rallied to the call for a women's army, it was the young girls who wore severe shoes and serviceable caps and hats with their uniforms, the older women in the audience who wore fancy, high-heeled shoes and feminine hats.

The younger women in the crowd hid their sincerity behind apparently frivolous remarks—"My dear, I'll have to join the Flying Club, the uniform would suit me better than the signallers'." "I couldn't be a land girl, I'm terrified of cows."

"I'm putting back my age to join up," said an enthusiastic grandmother. "But that will even things up for the family, because my

grandson put his age forward to enlist in the A.I.F."

Thousands of pairs of hands were busy throughout the speeches knitting. Idle hands were so few they were noticeable. Occasionally the clink of a steel needle falling to the floor emphasised a remark made by a speaker.

In spite of the each-woman-for-herself battle to get into the hall, there was a friendly over-the-teacups atmosphere once they were inside.

Strangers discussed which branch of war work they wanted to do, knitters exchanged designs for the socks and balaclavas they were knitting.

Lady Wakehurst, who convened the meeting in reply to hundreds

## Recital of war poem

THE first public recital of

Mary Gilmore's poem—

"No for shall gather our

harvest"—which appeared in

The Australian Women's

Weekly of June 29, will be

given by Mr. Brunton Gibb at

a great patriotic choral concert

being organised by Mr. Roland

Foster in aid of the Lord

Mayor's Patriotic and War

Fund, at the Conservatorium

Hall on Saturday, July 6, at

8 p.m.

Artists from the Gilbert and

Sullivan Co. will appear, in

addition to Marie Ryan,

Heather Kinnaird, Raymond

Beatty.

The hon. sec. is Thelma

Houston, FM4395.

of requests from all over the State, explained that the W.A.N.S. is a training, not an employment, organisation.

Its object is to mobilise women voluntarily to give them opportunities for national service, to temporarily fill gaps in civil life caused by the enlistment of men, and to enlist in such auxiliary defence forces as the Commonwealth may require to release men for combatant service.

An indication of how fast the organisers of this women's army have worked since it was formed only a month ago was the fact that its first land girls' camp was listening-in at Gundagai to the broadcast of the meeting.

The first recruits of the land army are training on the property of Mrs. J. W. C. Beveridge, at Billa-



THE W.A.N.S. uniform—navy, with a peaked cap—is very workmanlike and smart.

boog, Gundagai, who gave them a special greeting from the meeting.

Dame Enid Lyons received a tremendous ovation. It was her first public appearance in Sydney since the death of her husband.

She made a special plea for enlistments for land work.

"Every ship that goes to England should be loaded to the plimsoll with food."

"Every season in this country fruit is left to rot. We should conserve it, so that we have a great surplus of food."

"At the end of the war there will be thousands of starving people in the world. Surely to have that surplus to pour upon the world in benediction would be something we should do."

"Anyway," she added laughing, "if the surplus is too big I'll put the Lyons family on a dried-fruit diet."

"It may be that we in Australia will be last upon the ramparts of freedom, the last champions of the rights of man."

The committee chose a typically practical feminine way of introducing the new W.A.N.S. uniform.

Miss Marie Brenner, who sang to the vast audience, and seven members of the W.A.N.S. marched on to the stage in the uniform, and Lady Wakehurst gave a mannequin parade description of it, asking the girls to turn round so that the audience could see the uniform from different angles.

Recruits for the W.A.N.S. can hand in their enlistment cards this week at the new offices in the Bank of New South Wales building in O'Connell Street and twenty-four suburban schools where the teachers have offered to co-operate with the movement.

Four directors have been appointed: Mrs. J. W. C. Beveridge, Mrs. A. C. Goddard, Miss Ruby Board, and Mrs. Crawford Vaughan, and a panel of honorary consultants, Mr. J. M. Concanon, Dr. Grace Cuthbert, Mrs. Tenison-Woods, and Miss Kat Ogilvie have volunteered their services.

## CLEANING STOVES

is a quick job now!



"FIRST POUR  
SOME ZEBU  
LIQUID STOVE POLISH  
ON TO A BRUSH OR CLOTH  
THEN GIVE THE STOVE  
A QUICK RUB OVER"



"SEE HOW THE  
WHOLE STOVE  
SHINES AND  
SPARKLES, AND ZEBU  
CLEANS WITHOUT  
MESS OR BOTHER"  
SAVO MRS. HILL  
ELPHINSTON

AN occasional rub over with Zebo will keep your stove and grates shining all the week round. And Zebo is economical—you'll be surprised to find how long a tin will last. That's because the Zebo cap prevents it from drying up—you can use it to the last drop. Why not get a tin of Zebo from your grocer to-day and give your own stove and grates a rich, new lasting gloss.



The Modern Polish  
for Stoves and Grates



## YIELDS TO NEW CANADIOL MIXTURE

Speed 2/3 to-day at chemist or store for a bottle of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting)—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzard cold Canada—take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way"—continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT.



## Piles Go Quick

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaeuoloid, a harmless tablet, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vaeuoloid has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of Pile Sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vaeuoloid with this guarantee.





**It Glows in Beauty with SILVO**

Silvo will quickly and easily polish your silver to shimmering beauty; and will keep it always lovely. Tarnish, film and stain are gently banished by this very fine liquid polish made to give plate or sterling the loving care it deserves.

*Simple clarity characterizes international Silver's Greenwich design. They suggest Silvo to preserve the radiance of your silverware.*

**SILVO**  
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

## LUCKILY

for his peace of mind, the Peer was unaware of the bitter resentment his behaviour had evoked from the rest of the field.

"Dashed bad form, I call it," said Major Spooforth to his fiancée, Miss Snoot, as he reined up alongside her. "Grebe may be a Peer, and all that, but he's got no business to behave like a confounded hound. After all, noblesse oblige, what?"

Whatever criticism may be directed at the East Loamshire Hunt, and there are many earnest humanitarians who would like to put an end to its activities, it cannot be denied that its organisation is excellent, and that it had been arranged upon this occasion that a fox should be in readiness in the first covert, drawn by the pack. Soon Towzer and Fido gave tongue, the chorus was taken up by Ponto, Rover, and all the rest of the gang, and to joyful shouts of "Loe, loe, gone away!" the whole concourse set off at a smart gallop across the springy turf, with the fox a diminutive speck in the van, and the elephant, a bulkier object, bringing up the rear.

The story of the epic run is told even to-day with bated breath in the taproom of the Cow and Skittles on winter evenings. Turning right-handed by Smudgely oster-bed, hounds crossed the River Trym and ran fast by Dead Cow Copse, over Gibbet Hill to Hangman's Bottom. Continuing fast to Sheephead Mill, they circled left-handed, crossed Peasepuddling Lane, and swinging right-handed by Hogswill Magna village, ran nicely for thirty minutes over Merrydown Moor. Never had there been such a run—but we are forgetting Lord Grebe and his companions.

Elephants can achieve an astonishing rate of speed. Thus, not only

did the Peer's mount have no difficulty in keeping up with the chase, but soon after the check at the Dog and Duck, he found himself leading the field. The shouts and exclamations of the Master and the Hunt officials only served to spur him on to further efforts, and the three gallant huntmen in the howdah began to feel a little uneasy.

"I say, Grebe, he's a bit of a thruster, what?" panted General Gout. "I'd better tell the mahout to hold him in, or he'll be running over hounds."

Lord Grebe nodded, and the General was just about to address the Indian keeper when a strange thing happened. The elephant caught sight of the fox, and quickened his pace. Now it so happened that the intelligent quadruped, in the days before he became an inmate of Lord Fustian's private zoo, had travelled extensively in a circus, where, deprived of the company of his own kind, he had struck up an acquaintance with a performing collie dog. This acquaintance had quickly ripened into a warm friendship, the two creatures sharing the same bed of straw at night, and discussing, as animals will, topics of interest to them both.

The elephant, as is well known, never forgets, and Lord Fustian's pet was no exception to the rule. Observing that the fox, which, being a little short-sighted, he mistook for his old friend the collie, was hard pressed by hounds, and seemed likely at any moment to be overtaken and torn in pieces, he put on a brisk spurt and, heedless of the cries and entreaties of the men on his back, ploughed his way through

## Lord Grebe Rides to Hounds

Continued from Page 30

the pack, scattering them to left and right in his headlong advance.

There was a wild bellow of rage from the Master, the Hunt officials, and those of the field who were close enough up to see what was happening as he stretched out his trunk, seized the fox, and, swinging it high into the air, deposited it in the lap of Sir Otto Gourmand in the howdah. Then, the noble work of rescue accomplished, he swung round and cantered briskly back to Slyme Court, nor did he slacken his pace until he came to anchor inside the Old Tithe Barn.

It is, perhaps, scarcely to be wondered at that county society should have frowned upon Lord Grebe after this episode, especially as the whole disgraceful affair got into the newspapers.

Sir Otto Gourmand, who had been badly bitten in the hand by the fox, was in a peevish frame of mind for some weeks, and General Gout, basely deserting his friends, went about the place openly declaring that Lord Grebe was mentally unstable, and that he himself had only accompanied the expedition because he hoped—vainly, as it turned out—to put a check upon his wilder excesses.

This lamentable state of affairs had continued for some weeks, when an incident occurred which put an end to all bitterness and restored, as Coombe the butler would have put it, the status quo ante.

It was a soaking afternoon in early January, and Lord Grebe, obsessed by melancholy and finding the atmosphere of the Slyme Court library more than ordinarily oppressive, had donned a mackintosh and gone out for a walk across the fields. His spirits were at their lowest ebb when he found himself standing on the slippery bank of the swollen River Trym.

"If I wanted to commit suicide here it would be as easy as fallin' off a confounded log," he muttered to himself. "I'd only have to put a brick in each of my pockets and jump in; the water must be eight feet deep if it's an inch."

These morbid reflections were in-

### The answer is—

1. Julius Caesar.
2. 3½ inches.
3. Pork.
4. Whence all but he had fled.
5. Newel post.
6. Greenland.
7. Pottery.
8. The Iron resolution they displayed at the Battle of Marston Moor.
9. A sentence whose letters read the same both ways.
10. Rembrandt.

Questions on Page 30

errupted by the sound of galloping hoofs and a loud "vieu-hulloa," and, swinging round, he beheld the whole of the East Loamshire Hunt go thundering past in pursuit of their quarry. So close were they to the river bank that the Peer was bespattered with mud thrown up by the horses' feet, and he was forced to take out a pocket handkerchief and wipe his eyes. When he was once again able to see distinctly, he observed a remarkable phenomenon. A riderless horse was standing by the river's brink, and struggling in the middle of the turgid stream was the Master of the East Loamshire Hunt, Brigadier-General Bloodthumper Todd!

"Help!" screamed the Master. "Get me out of this, I can't swim!" Lord Grebe, descendant of a long line of swashbuckling ancestors, was a man of dauntless courage. Nevertheless, here was his enemy, the man responsible for all his worries, delivered into his hand, and all he had to do was stand and watch him drown.

Lord Grebe took a pace forward, hesitated, and was lost. Part of the bank crumbled beneath his weight, he felt his feet slipping from under him, and next moment he too was wallowing in the river. Hampered as he was by his heavy mackintosh, swimming was difficult, but he struck out manfully in the direction of a willow branch which projected low over the water on the opposite side. He reached it safely, and was just beginning to drag himself ashore when his leg was seized in a vice-like grip. There was nothing for it. With deep thankfulness for his own salvation, albeit with black murder in his heart, he hauled him-

self up on to the bank, and in doing so saved General Bloodthumper Todd from a watery grave!

The two men, dripping from head to foot, stood for a moment or two surveying each other. Then the General grasped the Peer's hand and shook it vigorously.

"My dear fellow," he said, in tones of deep emotion, "I owe you my life. I'm dashed if I know how I can ever repay you."

"Not at all, my dear chap," murmured Lord Grebe uncomfortably. "It was nothing."

The General shook his head. "Fiddlesticks!" he said. "I know a brave man when I see one, and to-morrow mornin' I'm goin' up to town to order a gold cigarette-case with an appropriate inscription."

"We're both of us confoundedly wet," observed the Peer, anxious to change the subject. "You'd better come back with me to my place and get into some dry things. I expect some other fellow will catch your horse."

For a while they trudged across the fields in silence, the water squelching in their boots as they walked. At last the General spoke.

"Is your wife at home, Grebe?" he asked.

"Connie? Yes, I believe so."

"As soon as we get up to the house," went on the General in curiously gruff tones, "I'm goin' to apologise to her for my dashed offensive behaviour at the Agricultural Show. Her marrow should certainly have been awarded first prize, and I'll see to it that there isn't another mistake next time."

"But look here, my dear chap . . ."

"Not another word, Grebe. I behaved like a cad, and I'm goin' to tell your wife I'm sorry. It's the least I can do."

It was not long before the story of the sensational rescue from drowning of the Master of the East Loamshire Hunt had spread from end to end of the county. Ill news, as a cynical member of a society for the suppression of blood sports remarked at the time, travels fast. Immediately, as though at the touch of a magic wand, the dark clouds of suspicion and horror which had hovered over Slyme Court were swept away, and the popularity formerly enjoyed by Lord and Lady Grebe was fully restored.

Public memory, unlike that of the elephant, is short, and besides, as Major Spooforth told his fiancée, Miss Snoot, "There can't be much wrong with a fellow who saves an M.P.H. from drownin', eh, kitten puss?"

(Copyright)

## Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter ounce box of Orlex Compound, and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

## Fat, Yet Not Forty!

WHEN YOUTHFUL LOOKS DISAPPEAR

Put on excess and unhealthy fat and many untold years pile on your age. The creases and lines on face, neck and arms caused by plumpness are unlovely and quickly banish youth and good looks. When overweight and stoutness are due to the accumulation of waste digestive matter congesting the system, often spots and pimples spoil the complexion, sick headaches and biliousness are daily happenings, and lassitude worries the sufferer. Get back to your normal weight and fitness by banishing constipation with Pinkettes. These harmless laxative pills are compounded of safe ingredients that painlessly exercise and strengthen lazy bowels. After a few doses of Pinkettes, poisonous wastes will be cleared from the system and all the depressing symptoms of torpid liver and constipation thoroughly banished. Get Pinkettes to-day and banish your unhealthy fat in this painless, natural way. At chemists and stores. 1/3 bottle.

**MILES FROM ANYWHERE**



**FOR COUGHS & COLDS**

THEY DEPEND ON

**WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE**



MILES from a doctor or a hospital you cannot afford to gamble with 'Flu, Colds or Coughs. Always keep handy a bottle of WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE. Acts fast—tastes good—brings prompt, safe and inexpensive relief from coughs, colds and other throat and chest ailments. Good for kiddies . . . best for you. Try a handy sized 1/- bottle of WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE to-day. From all chemists and Stores.

W.L. 42



# Biography of poet in days of King Charles

Helen Ashton creates vivid pictures of past

Writing of Helen Ashton's "William and Dorothy," Humbert Wolfe referred to that "orgy of novel-biographies . . . bad novels and worse biographies" which have afflicted us of recent years.

"William and Dorothy" did not fall into that category; it was, to quote Mr. Wolfe once more, "a beautiful success." Miss Ashton's new work, "The Swan of Usk," is no less successful.

THIS novel biography is the story of Henry Vaughan, student, poet, soldier, and doctor of the 17th century. It is a very fine study of a gentle, rather melancholy character, and, at the same time, something more—the picture of a period. The author has re-created the England of James I and his ill-starred son, Charles; she has drawn a peaceful countryside in which the ferment of disaffection is already working; has portrayed a Royalist nobility which goes gallantly into war and tragedy; has described the end of an epoch.

The English Revolution, which culminated in the execution of a king, also shattered the fortunes of some of the greatest families of England. Typical of the latter were the Herberts, headed by that blunt old Royalist, the Earl of Worcester.

Raglan Castle was the Earl's seat, and here at Christmastide, in the days before the war, assembled the Herbert family and connections, its retainers and friends. Hospitality was on a scale commensurate with the dignity and traditions of a great house.

"A peacock in its blue-and-green feathers was smoking in a golden dish. There were a brace of fat swans, a dish of curlew, teal and pheasant, spits with hundreds of snipe and lark upon them roasted whole, carp and pike stewed with prawns and anchovies, candied fruits and shaking gilded jellies."

But of all those who feasted and made merry in the great hall of Raglan, how many forewent the years, not so far distant, when such feasts would be only tantalising memories for hungry men to think on as they crouched, wet, cold and half-starved, over flickering camp-fires, hurried

by the victorious armies of the Parliament, dying, one by one, for a lost cause?

All this may seem a trifle remote from the affairs of Henry Vaughan. Actually, however, it is very much to the point, since this background, these historic happenings, shaped the poet's life.

The two major events of his career, though, were the heavenly vision which came to him when, recovering from sickness and exhaustion induced by campaigning, he was near to despair; and, later, his falling in love.

The first was vouchsafed when, tempted to put an end to his life, "the lantern went out; he was alone in the dark, his heart shaking his body with terror, and the sweat running from him. Between fear and anguish he felt as if

he were being torn in pieces and he prayed desperately to his God, without any words, for some release from his torment.

"Then, quite suddenly, he was no longer alone. There was power moving about him, light shone upon him, and an inexpressible happiness and peace overcame him. He was loosed from the cords which bound him. All his former miseries rose up before his eyes, but now it seemed to him that he understood and accepted them."

The big love of Vaughan's life came to him shortly after this. She was Catherine Wile, sister to a fallen comrade and dear friend of Vaughan. Her conquest of him was immediate and complete.

Catherine's passion for him was just as complete. Rather shallow, prejudiced, pretty creature that she was, she at least loved him as he loved her until Death robbed him of her.

This is one of those books which



MARY BORDEN, English novelist, who was in Paris completing a new book, a few hours before the Germans occupied the city.

could be quoted from ad nauseam. One piece of description, however, cannot be left out. It is a passage dealing with the beheading of the king. Says Charles Walboffe, an ardent Royalist, describing the scene:

"He could not have died more bravely if it had been in battle. He was quite calm, he did not fear the axe. He gave money to the executioners, whoever they were. He did not delay them with any long

prayers. He put off his clothes with his own hands as quietly as if he were going to his bed, and tucked up his long hair into a white satin cap, to keep it out of the way of the axe.

"Then he knelt down, prayed a little, and put out his hand for a signal. They struck off his head with one blow, and one cried out, 'God save the people of England.' "The Swan of Usk." By Helen Ashton. London, Collins.



Oi mate! I can see me blinkin' face in 'em!



IN London, 1916, the Australian Digger was an outstanding figure. British Tommies and Officers noticed particularly the rich brilliance of the Australian soldiers' boots and leather gear. Curiosity led to inquiry and soon the name of Kiwi was the password to new, shining perfection in military smartness. "Can you spare a tin of Kiwi?" became a common inquiry wherever English and Australian troops were billeted together. Sometimes the digger's tin of Kiwi was begged . . . sometimes it was borrowed . . . sometimes it was even stolen.

Soon the demand spread from the army to England's millions of civilians. In fact, it was not long before the English factory was supplying Kiwi also to America, Eire and many continental countries.

Kiwi Shoe Polish is 100% Australian owned and is almost as well known abroad as it is here. In fact Kiwi sells in no less than 93 different countries. In every way Kiwi is a product that lives up to its reputation. It gives a longer lasting shine and preserves the leather. Keep your shoes looking smarter. Use the polish that has been proved all over the world. Ask for Kiwi Black or Tan by name.

## KIWI BLACK

ALSO OBTAINABLE IN FULL RANGE OF TANS AND STAIN POLISHES.



How experts get a "mirror-finish" shine with KIWI—

Of course you know how to polish your shoes . . . but here's a way to get a "mirror finish" shine. First of all rub the dust off the shoes. Then with a piece of cloth wrapped round the fingers, rub in a fair quantity of Kiwi Polish. When the polish is well rubbed in dip the cloth in water (which you can have ready in the top of the tin) and rub thoroughly all over the shoes. Now polish briskly whilst there are still little globules of water over the shoes. A perfect "mirror finish" will result.



# During the night her hands grew softer and whiter

"I'm very keen about golf," says Miss J. Fraser, of Orlando Avenue, Cremorne, "and I spend so much time out in the sun and wind that I'd given up hope of trying to keep my hands smooth. All the hand lotions I'd ever used were too sticky—felt awful. So I didn't bother with them any more, until my chemist advised me to use Pond's Hand Lotion—and I must say that it's marvellous! Not the least bit sticky, so I've been putting it on my hands at bedtime, and always after washing. Now my hands are always beautifully soft and smooth, thanks to Pond's."

You take beauty out of your hands every day.

Being out in the sun and wind, typing, washing up, housework—doing these things takes beauty out of your hands every day. That's why they must have daily protection!

Pond's Hand Lotion keeps your hands soft, smooth and white. Pond's contains special softening and whitening, in-

gredients that go to work the minute it's applied. Use Pond's every time you wash your hands and last thing at night. Pond's is so rich and concentrated, you actually need less of this creamy lotion. That's why it's so economical.

Do this every night for soft, white hands.

Just before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion on to the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand washing motion. Leave on while you sleep. After a few nights of this treatment you'll be surprised how much whiter and softer your hands will be. Remember—use Pond's every time you wash your hands and last thing at night before bed.

Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/- a bottle at all stores and chemists and 1/6 for economical large bottle containing more than twice as much.









# Mandrake the Magician

## THE STORY SO FAR:

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, is travelling by ship to Cockaigne with  
**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant. They plan to rescue the beautiful  
**PRINCESS NARDA:** From a marriage to  
**AVERY, DUKE OF HECTARES:** Friend of her ambitious brother.  
**PRINCE SEGRIID:** With whom he has conspired to kill Mandrake.

The first attempt fails when Mandrake returns to their two agents a life belt containing a time bomb. They throw it overboard a few seconds before it explodes.

Finally they decide to stab him in the back, but Lothar overhears their plot and captures them. Thereupon Mandrake recognises them as the Duke's agents. Now read on:

WHY DID YOU ATTACK ME ON SHORE--AND QUESTION ME ABOUT PRINCESS NARDA'S DISAPPEARANCE? WHAT HAPPENED TO HER? WHAT'S YOUR CONNECTION WITH HER?

WHY DID YOU PLANT THAT TIME BOMB IN MY LIFE-BELT? AND TRY TO SHOOT AND KNIFE ME? WHOSE ORDERS ARE YOU OBEYING? WELL--CAN'T YOU TALK?

NO. I HAVEN'T ANY TONGUE.

I SEE. OVER WITH THEM, LOTHAR.

OVER THEM GO--WITH PLEASURE!

HEY--!

THERE'S A SHARK--DOWN THERE!

HAUL THEM BACK, LOTHAR. IF TOSSING THEM TO THE SHARKS WON'T LOOSEN THEIR TONGUES--

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, FOOL!

--WE'LL REVERSE THE USUAL PROCEDURE--AND TOSS A SHARK AT THEM.

MY--GOSH!

MANDRAKE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY AND THE THUGS THINK THEY SEE A SHARK FACING THEM.

COME ON, YOU GUYS. TELL HIM WHAT HE WANTS TO KNOW. AND MAKE IT SNAPPY. I'M HUNGRY!

WELL--DO YOU TALK?

N-N-NO--!

OH, BOY! SUPPER!

YOU'D BETTER GO BACK. THEY'RE TOUGH.

TOUGH OR TENDER--ALL THE SAME TO ME. CAN'T I HAVE JUST A LITTLE BITE? AW--GEE WHIZ--

HYPNOTISM AND VENTRILLOQUISM. NOTHING SCARES THEM. THEIR BOSS HAS THEM MORE SCARED THAN ANYTHING I CAN DO.

TAKE THEM TO THE BRIG, LOTHAR.

THE IMAGINARY SHARK SEEMS TO TALK!

LEAVING THE S.S. TYRONUS, MANDRAKE TAKES A PLANE FOR THE FINAL HOP TO COCKAIGNE--AND IS WATCHED--

MANDRAKE ESCAPED OUR MEN ABOARD SHIP. THEY'RE UNDER ARREST. HE'S TAKEN THE PLANE FOR THE CAPITAL.

FOOLS! THEY BUNGLED EVERYTHING, BUT WE CAN STILL STOP HIM. HE HAS TO GO THROUGH CUSTOMS AT THE BORDER! NOW--HERE'S WHAT IS TO BE DONE--

AND AT THE COCKAIGNE BORDER, AS MANDRAKE'S LUGGAGE IS INSPECTED--

HAVE YOU DECLARED ALL VALUABLES AND MONEY THAT YOU'RE BRINGING IN?

YES, I HAVE.

Bzzzz--

Hmm--

HERE'S AN ITEM YOU DIDN'T DECLARE! A WALLET! MONEY! IN YOUR COAT!

I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT BEFORE IN MY LIFE! IT'S NOT MINE!

THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY! SMUGGLING CURRENCY! THAT MEANS TEN YEARS IN THE PENITENTIARY FOR YOU! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

TO BE CONTINUED



## BREATHE BRONCHITIS AWAY!

BREATHE VAPO-CRESOLENE medicated air while you sleep—and get quick relief from Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma and Croup.

"I consider Vapo-Cresolene the most wonderful boon" (writes Mrs. L. G. St. Leonards-on-sea, Sussex). "I have got great relief from Bronchitis."



gets to the seat of the trouble.

VAPO-CRESOLENE has been the proven vapour treatment for 60 years. Harmless and drugless.

From all Chemists. Send for Booklet No. 1B Agents: FELTON, GRIMWADE & DUBERDIN, Pty. Ltd. P.O. Box 5312, Melbourne.

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest, it just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, retarding in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/4



**SOLVOL**  
cleans them in a twink!

Solvol—the quick, easy way to get kiddies' hands and knees spotless! What a wonderful help for mothers! Solvol's soft, penetrating lather whisks out even ground-in grime in a flash. No scrubbing! No scolding! Solvol is gentle—contains a special ingredient to soothe the skin.



.....and whenever you wash your hands — use **SOLVOL**

J. KITCHEN & SONS, LTD.

## Escape Continued from Page 34

"YOU ought to be able to stay at a farm, or even a hotel for one day," Fritz said, "or maybe even two. Then you'll have to move on. I don't know what would happen about that. It's uncertain. That afternoon will be the funeral. Right after that I'll come back to town. I'll drive up in the truck and I'll set right about getting the passport."

"Oh, yes, the passport. Of course, she can't leave the country without a passport."

"Certainly not. I know a man who makes a business of furnishing fake passports. They're expensive, too. One costs about three hundred dollars. And I'll need a photograph. Have you got one—one that could be rephotographed if necessary?"

Mark took out his wallet. In it was an extra photograph of those made for her passport.

"Clothes!" Fritz exclaimed suddenly, striking his forehead. "Of course she'll need clothes." "Yes, I imagine they'd bury her in whatever she wore in prison. Some sort of nightgown."

"You'd better let me buy the clothes," Fritz said. "It will look strange for a man of your sort to be shopping for a lady. I'll buy one bit here and one bit there."

"She'll need a fur coat." "Then you'd better buy that. It would look strange for me to be buying that."

"The most important thing is to keep her warm," Mark said.

"Yes, and the next most important thing is for her to look like a nice, inconspicuous, middle-class lady."

"That will be hard," Mark laughed, almost naturally, and Fritz, as their eyes met, allowed himself to smile.

"This certainly puts a more cheerful aspect on things, eh, sir?" he said mildly.

"Fritz," Mark began. He felt weak from momentary relief and excitement. But they couldn't go on like this, he thought, without some inquiry into the framework of what they were doing. "Do you think this doctor chap can be trusted?" Fritz pursed his lips and raised his eyebrows. "Oh, as to that," he

said, "it would be a fairly elaborate plan just to trap us with, don't you think?"

"I don't mean that. I know he's honest about that. I mean, do you think he can do what he says?"

"Fritz considered. 'What you want me to say, Mr. Mark, is that it can be done. Well, that I can't say.'"

"Aren't you worried over what'll happen to you if it can't?"

"Now, see here," Fritz said. "That also isn't for us to consider. But I've lived through a lot of queer experiences here lately. The world isn't what it used to be, Mr. Mark. As to what happens to me—" He stopped and looked gloomily up at the ceiling. "I've had a hard life," he said, biting the word off with a certain relish, "and Madame Ritter was pretty nearly the only good thing in it."

Suddenly he snapped his fingers and said in an exasperated voice. "What are we wasting time over this for? Didn't you say the treatment, or whatever it is, has started? It's to-morrow night, then, that they'll send for me, and I've got a lot to do between now and then. And so have you."

"I thought of another thing," Mark said. "A hot-water bottle. That's very necessary."

Fritz began to make two lists. "We'll memorise them and then burn them," he said.

They talked a while longer. Fritz told him he would spend that night with his nephew and niece. They knew he was waiting to claim Madame Ritter's body, and it was their telephone number he'd left at the prison. Perhaps he could borrow their delivery truck or pay them a little to rent it.

Mark was to go, some time in the evening, to a little restaurant in the square of the village near the camp and wait till the wagon drew up outside. He would bring the fur coat, hot-water bottle, a vacuum bottle of hot water, and all the money he could draw.

Fritz added the caution: "Don't go to the restaurant too early. A bus leaves the Central Station at seven. That's early enough. You don't want everyone to begin to wonder who you are. And be sure to bring your bags. You should look like a couple on Easter holiday."

He laid a list on each knee and scrutinised them again. Then he handed one to Mark. He took out a match, lighted his own and burned it.

"Good night, Mr. Mark," he said. "Try to get some sleep. You look to me as though you were going to come down with something."

"I'm as well as you are," Mark said. "Then, unless something turns up, we'll meet around midnight to-morrow. O.K.?"

"O.K., sir."

And now he was alone again, and he felt sick, as Fritz had said. Perhaps it was exhaustion. Perhaps it was intolerable nervous strain. Perhaps it was lack of courage. Fritz would finish his work and go home to sleep. He was a brave man. The doctor, too, was probably asleep. He envied them.

Mark woke up abruptly and looked around the unfamiliar room. Is it over? he thought. Then he remembered. He looked at his watch. It was eight o'clock. He had slept, towards morning, heavily, and it was

### I believe in you

My dearest, I believe in you.  
There is nothing you can not do.  
No power on earth can stay your tread.  
Or doubting bow your eager head.  
No dream you dream, so richly blest.  
But sets my seeking heart at rest.  
Truth sings in all you say and do.  
And I, and I, believe in you.  
—Yvonne Webb.

later than he had planned. He told the maid who brought his coffee that he was leaving that morning and wanted his bill, and he began to pack his few belongings.

The landlady knocked on the door, and when he opened it she stood looking at him accusingly.

"You are leaving!" "Yes, I'm going to join some friends on a trip."

He took his bag and painting kit to the railroad station and checked them. Then he began his shopping. He went to the American Express and drew out all the money due him at the tourist rate, and got five hundred dollars more at the regular exchange. He asked the young lady at the mail desk where was the best place to buy a fur coat. She gave him an address, and he thought suddenly to ask her for mail. She brought him a letter. He saw at once that it was from Sabina.

He went outside and sat on a bench under the trees of Maximilian Place. It was a long and strangely cheerful letter. She was feeling very well, the new clothes were, fortunately, very effective on her, and everyone was talking about a play in which a friend of theirs had got special notice. Bill was having a show this week. At the end she said: "I suppose you and mamma will be back any day now."

He got up and went to the shop the girl had told him of. He selected a long coat of what appeared to be shaved sheep, dyed brown. It would be warm, and he hoped it would be inconspicuous.

And then suddenly he realised he had done all he could do and that it was only eleven o'clock. There were at least twelve hours to wait, or rather nine or ten hours, until he could begin to wait. In what conceivable way could he fill in twelve hours?

He had walked as far as the English Garden. The countess had said she lived near here. He'd never even seen her house. I'll go and look at it, he thought. I won't go in; not after the way she ran from me.

YES, it was the only house on the Garden side. Despite his resolution, he went up three steps to the front door and stood between clipped shrubs in painted tubs. He rang the bell.

Suddenly his blood began to run quickly. Only a door stood between him and her own special world, strongly feminine, muted and, mysterious. In it he knew now exactly what he hoped to find, what he'd come here for—something revealed in the last look she had given him, just as he was already turning from her in the crowded Odeon. He had been too angry and too alarmed, too much already on his way, to see what it was. It had denied everything she said, and had even denied her flight.

A little maid opened the door. She looked surprised. "The Countess is not in town, sir," she told him. "She left not fifteen minutes ago."

"Do you know when she'll be back?"

"Not for a week anyway. She and the young ladies have gone to the country. Whom shall I say called?"

"It doesn't matter," he said.

He went down the steps and stood blankly on the sidewalk. He cursed himself for a full moment. "I imagined it all," he said. "Thank heaven I needn't see her again."

He walked for hours, the fur coat heavy on his arm. Some time after three he went into a picture theatre, where he felt safe in the darkness. It was like being buried in a deep bed.

When he left this refuge he found it dark outside. The day of waiting, of suspension, was over; the implacable, hazardous night had come.

His bus left from the Central Railroad Station at seven o'clock. Suddenly afraid he'd miss it, the last of the day, he hailed a taxi to take him to the station. There he collected his two bags. He bought his ticket, and as he spoke the name a feeling of dread struck him in the pit of the stomach.

What am I doing here, going to this place? Is she really there? Is she really alive? Is it all true? At this moment she's perhaps dead. Or perhaps something is going wrong. Perhaps she is being put in the coffin.

Please turn to Page 37

## The Presence of Germs

is never evident until they have commenced their damaging work, yet the smallest scratch is an open gateway for them. Use 'Dettol,' the modern antiseptic, on every occasion before trouble can develop. It is three times more powerful than pure carbolic acid, yet absolutely non-poisonous. Moreover 'Dettol' is both gentle and pleasant to use. Ask your doctor.

Feminine Hygiene—Write for free booklet on this subject post free from Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Box 2515 B.B. G.P.O., Sydney.



## 'DETTOL' THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

in 2/- and 3/6 bottles

## No Asthma in 2 Years

Two years ago J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, was in bed with Asthma. Had lost 40 pounds weight, suffered coughing, choking and strangling every night—couldn't sleep—expected to die. Mendaco stopped asthma first night and he has had none since—in OVER TWO YEARS. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to stop your Asthma completely in 3 days or money back on return of empty package.

Ends Asthma . . . Now 3/-, 6/- and 12/-



AND they haven't sent word to Fritz. Perhaps something has happened to Fritz. He also had to live through the day without any accidents. Maybe they've arrested him. Maybe they've lost his telephone number. Maybe they never intended to notify him at all.

Now the bus left in thirty-five minutes. He knew he couldn't wait. He'd take a taxi, and stop by Fritz's place and find out if he was there, and then drive on to the town. But just as he was about to give Fritz's address, he thought: No, it's better I shouldn't turn up there. I mustn't lose my head. I'll do what we planned.

He told the driver where he wanted to go and arranged the price. They started off, but in a moment he asked the driver to stop.

"I feel a little sick," Mark said.

"Where can I get a glass of brandy?"

The driver went slowly on and stopped before a little cafe.

"I'll get it for you, sir, if you'd like."

Mark gave him the money, and in a moment he came out with a glass. Mark drained it and felt better.

"It's the chill," the driver said.

Mark closed his eyes and leaned his head back. Just before they reached the town he opened his eyes and the name of it flashed out on a roadside sign. A little later the driver drew up in a small square.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked.

"Isn't there a little cafe here on the square?"

"You can get coffee or beer over there," Mark saw the name of the cafe, and it was the one Fritz had given him.

Mark got out, holding his coat and parcel. The driver took out his bag and painting box, as though he would carry them into the cafe for him. Then he changed his mind suddenly and set them down on the ground.

Mark saw two men in uniform, standing on the edge of the walk. The driver had seen them first. He took the money with a "Thank you," but without looking at Mark.

The men stared at Mark curiously. Outside the cafe were a few iron tables with chairs turned upside down against them, an awning rolled up for the night and a few plants in

## Escape

Continued from Page 36

tubs. Inside was a big white room, which seemed empty at first because there were so many marble-topped tables with no one at them.

Two men were sitting at one table. They weren't looking at each other and they didn't speak. Across the room four men were playing cards, and one man sat a little back and watched them.

Mark's shoes, as he crossed the room, made a loud squeaking and his chair scraped back harshly as he pulled it out to sit down. He put his bags by the table and laid the coat and parcel on a chair beside him. As he settled himself the two men who sat in silence watched him with dull, bored eyes, but the card players only glanced up indifferently.

It was a queer place for this country. Here, in every beer hall and eating place, the diverse states of mind of the clients, jovial, eccentric or melancholy, seemed to him



HERE IS a town ensemble with a simple wool frock, topped by a superbly fitting and matching coat, richly entrusted with embroidery on the revers and cuffs.

to form a slow, rich compost on the walls. But not here. And it was in this place, filled with the chill and weariness of a waiting-room, that he must now sit until he heard the sound of a truck outside.

From an inner door a waiter, an old man, appeared in a white apron, with a napkin under his arm.

"I'd like some coffee," Mark said; "very strong and hot, please."

Mark thought, Yes, it's here that I'll have to wait. For hours, perhaps. Perhaps most of the night.

The waiter brought him his coffee and a newspaper with a few pages missing. He drank the coffee and felt better. But he was really sick.

Two men in uniform came in. On their caps were skull and crossbones. They sat down at a table near the door and ordered beer. They talked in such natural voices, loud and unconcerned, that they made Mark think of real men moving in a museum full of wax figures.

The waiter, after he'd brought the newcomers' beer, leaned against the wall looking vacantly across the room.

Mark caught his eye and motioned for a second cup. When the waiter brought it he asked him in a low voice, "Who are they?"

The waiter took the white napkin off his arm and leaned over again to wipe off the table. "Political police," he whispered.

Mark asked himself: If they ask me what I'm doing here, what shall I say?

Each time they lifted a glass or turned their heads, he felt a sharp fear, but he couldn't be sure yet whether they were conscious of him. He opened the damp newspaper and pretended to read it.

Outside in the night a distant rumble began and came nearer. Perhaps it's Fritz already. If it were Fritz, he would stop. This was the appointed place. He wanted to get up, to run to the door and look out, but he didn't dare move for fear of attracting the attention of the police.

But the two men who weren't playing cards got up and went to

the door. And then Mark got up and followed them.

Two trucks drove up. They were filled with men in dark green uniforms. The two men who had been outside got into one of them and the trucks rolled off. The two men who had come to the door said good night and separated, going in opposite directions across the square. Mark came back and sat down.

The two political police stayed at their table, drinking beer. The card game went on. In this ashen place it seemed he was going to live forever. He was afraid, nearly, to breathe.

Then suddenly he couldn't stand it. He called the waiter again.

"Have you got a pack of cards?"

The old fellow brought him a worn pack and set it down before him.

"And more coffee," Mark said. "Make it stronger, will you, and bring me a glass of brandy to put in it? I don't feel well."

He began to lay out a hand of patience. His arm ached with weakness as he played. But this helped him a little. He heard several cars pass and more trucks.

He said to himself: If I win this game, we'll succeed. Or if I make thirty points, we'll succeed. This one doesn't count. If I make ten points, the police won't speak to me. If I make less, they will. If I make ten points, the next truck will stop here—or the next one will.

Then for a long time nothing passed at all. He had no further idea of time. It had broken like a great machine belt and the wheels no longer turned. He simply knew that he wasn't hearing anything more outside. Presently the old waiter came up and leaned over him.

"Do you want anything else, sir?"

"No, not now. Why?"

"We're closing in half an hour."

"Closing?" Fritz hadn't thought of that. Where would he go when the place closed?

"What time is it?"

"Half-past eleven."

HE moved off and Mark began to shuffle the cards again. If I were clever, he thought, I'd think of something to explain why I'm here, and manage to keep the place open longer, and I'd think of a reason for my going with Fritz when he comes.

Then for the first time he took out his watch. It was twenty-five minutes to twelve.

Whatever was to be was already begun. Was she alive still? Or was she dead? Certainly she is dead. It couldn't have been done, he thought. She couldn't stand it. The doctor knew that. But he didn't feel the anguish of her death. She's dead, he repeated to himself. He still didn't feel it.

The two policemen got up and came towards him. Here it is, he thought, and a sharp cramp went through him. But he put a black five on a black four on the top row of aces, and that brought to light a red six that he needed.

The two men stood just behind him, and watched him over his shoulders.

"What's the game?" one said. He had a loud young voice, not of half-terrifying.

"It's an American game," Mark said.

The men watched him for a moment. He saw the old waiter across the room, standing by the wall. He was trying to appear unconcerned, but Mark knew he was intent on what the police were doing. Even the men at the card table were glancing at him furtively.

One of the policemen came around the table and sat down opposite Mark, and the other came and stood behind his chair. Their eyes were still on Mark's cards. With a hand that seemed half-paralysed, he lifted another card over and looked at it. He felt he couldn't keep his hand from trembling a moment longer. He put the cards down and felt in his pocket for his cigarette case. He held it out, open.

"Have a cigarette?" he said.

Please turn to Page 38

## JOY of HEALTH FOR ALL

Are you ALIVE, or do you merely exist? Is your enjoyment of life crippled by Premature Old Age? Do your days and nights drag on, wrecked by an easily-exhausted body which lacks vigour and vitality? In all such cases, over 25,000 recommendations from medical men testify that WINCARNIS will give just the help you need. WINCARNIS is the wonderful "No Waiting Tonic", because the first glass does you good! You feel brighter, more alive, younger — immediately. Your brain, heart, nerves—the whole body benefits. The first sip of WINCARNIS sends a stream of vigour through your blood stream. WINCARNIS is not habit forming, and a long course is not necessary. Sold by all Chemists.

**BABY BOOK for MOTHERS!**

**FREE!**

Full of helpful advice and information for expectant and nursing mothers. Diet instructions for mother and baby, weight charts, washing, teething, bottle feeding, baby ailments. To secure your copy, write Colman - Reen (A/asia) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2503 MM, Sydney, N.S.W., and enclose 2d. stamp.

**ROBINSON'S Patent BARLEY**

## BONUS DISTRIBUTION £3,944,000

Ordinary Department Policyholders will receive back an average of over 25% of premiums paid.

**D**ESPITE the effect that the War must have on the Society's outgoings in the way of increased expenses and taxation and other National obligations, the Society (after making the Reserves necessary to meet this strain) this week distributes £3,944,000 in Reversionary Bonuses on all participating policies in force on 31st December last.

These bonuses represent a cash value of £2,373,525. They mean that participating members in the Ordinary Department are receiving back, in cash or its equivalent in reversionary bonuses, over a quarter of the premiums paid last year.

In these difficult days hundreds of thousands of Australians are finding more and more comfort in their A.M.P. policies, and more and more citizens are becoming members so that they may have the financial backing that membership means.

Last year the Society issued new policies to the amount of £29,407,675, bringing the number of policies to 1,526,538, and the sums assured in force at 31st December to £312,176,808.

The Society is now paying out to members, or their representatives, nearly seven million pounds a year. Wise is the member who adds to his policies and so uses the Society's strength and stability to build up his own assets.

A.M.P. policies provide for (1) wives and families in the event of breadwinners' deaths, (2) incomes for old age, (3) education of children, (4) decrease of mortgage, (5) securing the home, (6) giving men and women peace of mind; all at the lowest possible cost consistent with impregnable security.

An experienced representative will gladly be sent to discuss the benefits of A.M.P. membership with any citizen living within a reasonable distance of any A.M.P. office. Send word to-day that you want to see one, so that you may have the peace of mind that can be secured only by making provision for all possible financial difficulties.

The Society is purely "mutual." There are no shareholders to get dividends. The Society is conducted for the benefit of the policy-holders only. Use it to the full.



**Australian Mutual Provident Society**  
The Largest Mutual Life Office in the Empire.

SIR SAMUEL HORDERN, K.B.E., Chairman of the Principal Board.

A. W. SNEDDON, F.I.A., General Manager and Actuary.

C. M. Martin, Chief Inspector and Secretary.

A. E. WEBB, Manager for New South Wales.

HEAD OFFICE, 87 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Branch Offices at Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, and Hobart.

District Offices throughout all States.

New Zealand Office: Customhouse Quay, Wellington.

**A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES**

## Get rid of CHILBLAINS



Soothe instantly the fierce itching and burning and reduce the painful swelling with Rexona Ointment. Where the skin is broken, wash the chilblains in very hot water, dry thoroughly, smear Rexona thickly on a bandage, and apply. Rexona's medicaments prevent infection and soon heal the chilblains. Guard against skin troubles by washing with Rexona Soap which contains the same medicaments as Rexona Ointment.



BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE NOW!

OINTMENT — 1/6 per tin. Also extra large tin, three times the quantity, 2/6. SOAP — 9d. per tablet. (City and Suburbs.)

9.220.52

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS — SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT

Unwanted hairs can be permanently banished simply, painlessly, and without harming the skin by the use of "VANIX"

"VANIX"

This preparation from the formula of Paul Van Schuyler, dermatologist and chemist, destroys the hair tissues. "VANIX" Price: 5/6 a bottle (posted 2/10). It is obtainable from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 215 George St., Sydney, and all T. branchers. Write: Pharmacy, 272 St. Collins St., Melbourne. The Mervyns, 200 Bourke St., Melbourne. Chemists 114, 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide.



## USE THIS 2-PURPOSE SOAP



Cuticura Soap is a MEDICINAL and TOILET Soap combining in one big tablet the soothing, healing and antiseptic medicaments of Cuticura, with the mildest most beautifying soap base ever devised. The richly emollient and refining lather of Cuticura Soap penetrates the pores, ridding them of every particle of beauty-spiling dirt, grease and make-up residue. Your complexion blooms anew with new life, new youth and fascinating beauty.

To heal pimples and skin injuries, use Cuticura Ointment. For the perfect finish to your daily bath, start all over with superfine Cuticura Toilet.

## Cuticura SOAP

### Now You Can Wear FALSE TEETH With Real Comfort

**PASTEETH**, a new, pleasant powder, keeps teeth firmly set. Deodorizes. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. To eat and laugh in comfort, just sprinkle a little PASTEETH on your plates. Get it today at any good chemist (2 sizes). But be careful to avoid substitutes.

## Escape Continued from Page 37

**B**OTH men declined with curt nods. Mark took one out and lit it. By holding both hands together over it, as though he were in a high wind, he managed to steady it.

"What are you doing here?" one of them said abruptly. It was the seated man. Mark picked up his cards again.

Here it was. And instead of paralysing him further, it set something loose in him. His blood began to flow warmly through him.

He looked directly at the men for the first time. They were young and he couldn't tell whether their faces were really brutal or only uniformed, insensitive.

"What am I doing here?" he repeated. He frowned at them and looked them up and down with insolence. "I don't like your manner. I might ask what you're doing here at my table."

The seated one stared at him with opaque, expressionless eyes. There were fine hairlike blood vessels showing in the white. "Political police," he said briefly.

Mark shrugged. "Yes, I've heard of you. Well, I'm an American."

"You have your passport?"

"Certainly."

"Let's see it."

Mark tried to look like an innocent foreigner, both puzzled and outraged. He hesitated. "I suppose you have to see it," he said. Taking out the passport, he skidded it across the table. The questioner took it, the other leaning over him to examine it with him. The passport was all right—if they hadn't heard the name before and hadn't been told to look out for it. They could examine it until doomsday.

They looked at it a long time. Then they handed it back. With an offended air, Mark took up the cards again.

"What are you doing here?" the man said.

"I'm here to meet a friend," Mark said.

"What friend?"

Mark put his cards down with a bang. The noise they made was sharp in the flat silence of the room.

Everyone in the room looked at him.

"I suppose you're required to annoy foreigners," he said sarcastically. "Well, I'll tell you. I have a friend who is also in the political police. A doctor." As he said the words, he felt a queer steadying, as though a strong hand reached out to him.

"What's his name?"

"His name is Ditten."

"You want to meet him here?"

"Why?"

"He's attached to the camp."

"Where is he now?"

"I suppose he's at the camp. He phoned me to meet him here."

"How did you come?"

"In a taxi. See here, you have no right to ask all this. Is this a police court?"

"You're required to answer all questions."

It wasn't hard to pretend rage; he was really feeling it. His face began to get hot.

"Why does Doctor Ditten want you to meet him here?"

"He's a friend, I told you. An old friend. We did some work in Vienna together."

"Are you a doctor?"

"Yes. He's doing some special work out there. He thought I'd be interested. I was to meet him and go there with him. I must have just missed him."

"What time did he say to meet him?"

"He said seven-thirty, but I was late. My taxi had some trouble on the road."

"You expect to go on waiting here?"

"All night?"

"I think he gave me up and went on to camp. I'll wait to see if he stops on his way back."

Everyone in the cafe was listening and the police were enjoying this. They made their curt inquiries with a self-satisfied air. They felt very important and very much in the know.

"What did you say his name is?"

"His name is Ditten. Doctor Ditten."

The two men looked at each other. The man in the chair said, "There's no Doctor Ditten at the camp."

To be continued

## Audience to discuss radio serial

### Story of family life subject for broadcast interviews

Every family has its share of problems.

Simple or complex they must be solved, and the humor or drama that results is part of the common household life of any ordinary family.

A SERIAL which depicts some of these typical problems is "To-day's Children," to be heard over national broadcast from 2GB beginning on July 8.

Its interest will not be confined to the story and the cast.

For the first time, members of the radio audience will be invited to give their views on various problems which arise as this dramatic story unfolds itself.

Each person selected for an interview will be chosen according to his or her qualifications to discuss the problem in question so that one night a prominent citizen may be heard, next night a salesgirl in a departmental store, and the next night the father of four daughters.

The variety of people available is inexhaustible, as the host of problems with which the people of "To-day's Children" is confronted is as great as life itself.

In this all-Australian production, listeners will be introduced to Mrs. Moran and her children—"To-day's Children" as she calls them—and the story tells how they face the adversities and joys of our own age. It is a story which would fit the lives of all of us, embracing, as it does, our most common actions, thoughts and words.

The original script of "To-day's



HARVEY ADAMS

—Tornquist photo.

"Children" comes from the pen of Irma Phillips, for ten years America's leading radio dramatist. In presenting it to Australian audiences, the script has been carefully adapted so that there will be no jarring note to destroy that sense of everyday reality that has made it so prominent a feature for five years in American radio.

This absorbing story brings into vivid relief the reactions of the Moran family to the problems of contemporary life.

For instance Terry Moran's wife has ambitions far beyond his income—a failing that would cause any husband considerable concern.

Then there is the problem to be faced by Frances. It is no small one.

### Career girl

SHE is definitely a career girl, who thinks that marriage should be a secondary consideration.

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, she is very much in love with Bob Crane, a young lawyer, whose rooted conviction is that a woman's place is in the home. Always trying her best to smooth out the difficulties of her three modern children and bravely shouldering her own is Mrs. Moran.

She holds quietly and steadfastly to the view that there is still room in 1940 for the standards and rules she was brought up to observe.

Presenting this new programme is one of Australia's most famous stage and radio personalities—Harvey Adams.

Not only has he countless radio and stage successes to his credit, but the screen has claimed him too, and his sincere acting and fine human insight have endeared him to a wide audience throughout the Commonwealth.

Harvey Adams, with a vast wealth of experience behind him, is the ideal man to produce the programme, and to bring to the microphone that varied array of people in all walks of life whose lot it will be to discuss the experiences of the Moran family in the light of their own experiences.

The first episode of "To-day's Children" will be heard from 2GB on Monday, July 8, at 7.45 p.m.; and it then will be broadcast each Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday at that time.

In addition, 27 stations will broadcast this programme throughout Australia, so that "To-day's Children" promises to become, before long, a widely listened to and widely discussed feature.

# DOCTORS AND NURSES WHO DON'T TELL

As proof of the efficiency and worth of R.U.R. in the treatment of minor ailments, it is common knowledge that some doctors and hospital nurses use R.U.R. to keep them fit and healthy. R.U.R. is from the original prescription of a Harley Street Specialist. It is based upon the recognised medical knowledge that most common ailments, which may develop into complaints of a deep-seated and painful nature, are caused by acid poisons in the blood. This acidity is completely neutralized by a regular course of R.U.R. which makes the blood alkaline and resistant to disease, while the poisons are expelled by the eliminatory organs.

### MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

R.U.R. contains no poisons or harmful drugs. It eliminates the cause of your complaint and makes you well. It can be taken by young and old alike with equal benefit. If there is not a decided improvement in health the purchase price will be refunded, that is if the full 7/6 treatment which carries a money back guarantee certificate is taken.

### BROUGHT GOOD HEALTH TO THOUSANDS

Hundreds of GENUINE testimonials in R.U.R. files with the full names and addresses of people in all walks of life provide the complete evidence as to the efficiency of R.U.R. in dealing with DIGESTIVE AILMENTS, HEADACHES, LISTLESSNESS, BROKEN SLEEP, RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, LIVER AND KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, INFLUENZA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS, MUSCULAR PAINS and STOMACH DISORDERS.

Testimonials have been received for all these complaints.

R.U.R.—Real Universal Remedy

# R·U·R 7/6

TAKE R·U·R TWICE A WEEK AND THEN YOU'LL FIND THE HEALTH YOU SEEK

If you are unable to obtain R.U.R. from your chemist or store, mail this coupon to-day.

R.U.R. Proprietary, 841 George Street, Sydney.

Please send me a 7/6 packet of R.U.R., postage free, for which I enclose Money Order.

NAME ADDRESS

SCIATICA  
CONSTIPATION  
RHEUMATISM  
INDIGESTION  
INFLUENZA  
BLADDER TROUBLES  
RHEUMATIC HEART  
STROKE AFTER EFFECTS  
RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS  
STOMACH ULCER  
SMOKER'S HEART  
MUSCULAR PAINS  
LIVER WEAKNESS  
KIDNEY TROUBLES  
RHEUMATIC FEVER  
LUMBAGO  
LISTLESSNESS  
PILES  
NEURITIS  
BROKEN SLEEP  
HEADACHES  
SKIN DISEASES

To Mark Cash's  
CLOTHING NAME TAPES  
LINEN  
WOOLLENS are the Best!  
SCHOOL WEAR To Save Money

Size of Style No. 10

MARY PICKFORD.

12 doz. 7/6, 6 doz. 5/-, 3 doz. 3/6

SOLD BY LEADING STORES

Write for Free Booklet to

J. & J. Cash Australian Wearing Co. Pty. Ltd.  
86 Collett St., Richmond, Melbourne.



# THE HOMEMAKER

July 6, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## FIGURE FAULTS

... can be corrected

● To wear clothes well, to look attractive and healthy, your figure must be graceful and perfectly proportioned. What about your measurements? Satisfactory? If not, do these slimming-down exercises given below, and watch unwanted inches disappear.

By Janette

ALTHOUGH feminine curves are the fashion today, your figure curves must be the right kind.

Bulges in the wrong places can spoil your whole appearance. A waistline that is too thick, too much flesh on the thighs, a chest measurement out of proportion and ungainly



ankles are some of the common figure faults that cause despair.

Perhaps you are not sure just how far out your figure is. Well, then, first check your measurements with those considered ideal for beauty today given in the chart below.

If your measurements are inches out, then you'll need to take steps to alter your curves.

Here are three simple exercises to reduce your waistline and flatten your tummy:

The old schoolroom one of touching your toes, breathing in as you go down and out as you come up, is excellent.

Then a much harder one is to lie on your back and, keeping your legs quite stiff, raise first one leg, then the other, then both together, to an angle of forty-five degrees. Raise and lower your legs very gently and slowly each time.

For the last, you simply rotate your body at the waist. Stand erect, hands on hips, and feet together. Bend forward, keeping trunk and knees stiff, rotate to the left, back, and to the right, returning to starting position.

Try to breathe in as you start rotating, out at the end of a movement. This is important.

Now for your chest problems. It is possible to have expert slimming massage in a salon but you must be very careful not to attempt bust massage for yourself.

There are several excellent exercises, however, that will lift the bust by strengthening the naturally weak muscles in your chest, and slim down a heavy bustline at the same time.

Stand erect, shoulders back and



ABOVE: Simplicity becomes exquisite elegance when the wearer of an evening gown like this has a perfect figure. Posed by Ann Sheridan, Warner Bros.

LEFT: For hips and thighs try this exercise demonstrated by Rita Oshmen, RKO actress. Lie on floor, hands by sides. Then pull legs back over trunk with knees bent. Straighten legs upwards, bend knees again and return legs to floor position.

tummy in. Tuck your hands into your armpits and make circles with the elbows, circling forward, upward, backward and down. Breathe in as the elbows come forward and out as they go back.

Another fine bust exercise is to stand erect, feet apart, arms level with shoulders. Swing round to the right and try to touch the ground behind your right foot. Back to the starting position, then swing to the left and proceed as before.

### For firming

FOR strengthening and firming the bust generally, do this. Stand erect about 15 inches away from wall, feet together. Stretch out arms in front, place palms flat against wall, fingers interlocked. Now bend body forward, keeping in a perfectly straight line from heels up until elbows are bent at right angles and you feel your shoulder-blades pushed well back.

This exercise can also be done by grasping a rung of some sort, a little lower than shoulder level, say across the foot of a bed, instead of placing hands against a wall.

These two slimming exercises will reduce hip measurements by several inches:

Lie on your back on the floor and

MEASUREMENT CHART									
Height	Bust	Waist	Hips	Ankles	Height	Bust	Waist	Hips	Ankles
ft. in.	in.	in.	in.	in.	ft. in.	in.	in.	in.	in.
5 0 to 5 2	32-33	24	34-35	8	5 2 to 5 4	33-34	25	35-36	8
5 4 to 5 6	34-35	26	36	8 1/2	5 6 to 5 8	35-36	26-27	36-37	8 1/2
5 8 to 5 10	36-37	27-28	37-38	9					

BELOW: This is good for your waistline. Stand erect, hands on hips and feet close together. Then bend to the left, back to the right and forward, keeping trunk and knees stiff.



ABOVE: Stand erect, arms stretched out in front and palms against wall. Now bend forward slowly until elbows are bent at right angles and your shoulder-blades meet at the back. Good for your chest.

Said the Pilot, "I'm travelling high,  
For the thrills to be found in the sky,  
"But I'll quickly be back,  
For alas and alack,  
"Those KAYSERS have captured my eye!"

**"I'M A ONE BRAND  
WOMAN NOW"**

The mere male may choose KAYSER "Mir-O-Kleer" stockings for their flawless beauty... but the modern lass wears KAYSER because she knows it pays to buy quality! They wear better!

There's a Kayser Stocking for every occasion—Semi Service Weights at 4/11 to Exclusive Sheers at 9/11.

**BECAUSE  
K-A-Y-S-E-R  
spells ECONOMY!**

See Kayser's NEW 101X "TWIN SYLK"... the pure silk cleverly reinforced with rayon ECONOMY stocking at 4/11



## Useful and charming PATIO GARDENS

If your back garden is fully occupied with flower and vegetable beds and the area monopolised by the household "wash," make more use of the space in front of the house.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

**M**ANY modern Spanish bungalows have an area either at the back or front which is known as a patio.

This consists of a stone-paved yard, varying in shape according to the taste of the individual or to the design of the architect, and carrying tubs, pots and troughs of dwarf shrubs, trees and plants.

With a little care, such an area can be made an extra room of the house, and enhance the appearance of a home from the outside.

In the accompanying picture the vine growing over the windows consists of the banana passionfruit, known botanically as *tacsonia mollissima*.

Not only are the flowers of this plant extremely beautiful (a lovely orchid-mauve-pink) but the rather acid fruits produced are always useful in a salad for giving it a tang.

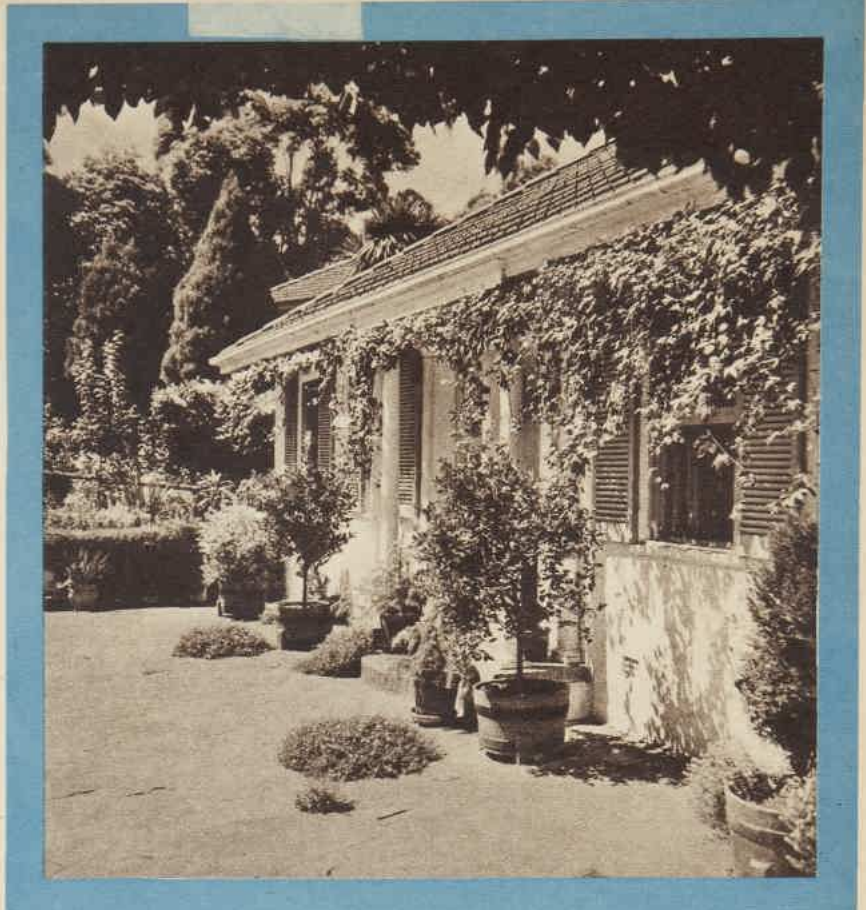
On either side of the step are tubs containing shrubs of that pretty little evergreen shrub, the cumquat.

Belonging to the citrus family, this shrub produces small, edible fruits about the size of a cherry. It is the ease with which the shrubs can be kept to shape and their generally bright appearance, however, that make them so attractive for such a position.

Dwarf pines are also used in some of the tubs in the picture, and if carefully watered and manured each year will live a long time in such a position before needing to be given more space in the garden.

Hydrangeas, gardenias, daphnes, phoenix roebellini, and many other slow growers could also be grown, and would make most attractive specimen plants for a front patio.

Where the outlook is not too pleasant, or where more privacy is desired, this could be provided by growing a tall hedge of cypress trees, or topping off an existing paling



PATIO GARDEN in front of a house. Banana passionfruit vines, cumquats, and dwarf pines in tubs add picturesque touches to this charming outdoor living-room.

## WINTER WARNING! Underarms perspire all year 'round



Wise girls never risk offending. In winter, as in summer, they use MUM

A MAN — A GIRL! Every chance for romance if that lovely woollen dress is always fresh and sweet — free from underarm odour! Even when she sees no moisture, a smart girl knows there's danger of odour. And she realizes that warm clothes and indoor living actually make this danger worse.

That's why she uses Mum! In spite of heavy clothing and tighter-fitting sleeves, Mum makes odour impossible. With Mum you're always nice to be near!

For Mum does what no bath can do — Mum prevents underarm odour. A bath removes only past perspiration but Mum prevents odour to come. Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps you sweet.

**MUM IS QUICK!** 30 seconds to smooth in Mum, and your underarms are fresh for a full day or evening.

**MUM IS SAFE!** Mum is harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin.

**MUM IS SURE!** Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odour. Get Mum to-day, and know that you're always charming!

Get Mum from all chemists and stores. Prices 9d., 1/6 and 2/6.

### NO WINTER WORRIES FOR THE GIRL WHO USES MUM!

IMAGINE THINKING WINTER MAKES YOU SAFE FROM ODOUR. WARM CLOTHES ACTUALLY MAKE ODOUR WORSE.

TO HERSELF: THIS ROOM IS WARM — BUT I NEEDN'T WORRY. MUM KEEPS ME FRESH.

**MUM**

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER USE FOR MUM  
Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.

C. 1895 W.

fence with a few feet of trellis over which one of the bignonnias or some similar flowering climber could be grown.

The paving stones of the patio could be left open in places in order to leave room for growing plants.

Just a few patches here and there for low-growing herbs and flowering plants, and the rather bare expanse of stone would be broken most effectively.

A comfortable garden seat, a rocking chair, and a garden shade could be erected at small cost in the patio, and well-designed rockeries and rock pockets would give the plant lover ample scope for growing annuals, perennials and small shrubs.

This patio can be used as a playground for small children, as a restful oasis for the tired business man,

### Look to your roses

IT'S pruning time for roses—from now until August.

Throughout the winter months the rose is dormant, being bare of flowers and foliage, resting after its prolific blooming periods through spring, summer, and autumn. With the sap down in the roots, this is the best time to prune.

Climatic conditions should be taken into consideration in pruning. In cold districts, for instance, the work is best carried out in August.

Generally speaking, late pruning gives better results—growth is more vigorous, stems longer, and quality of flowers improved.

Early pruning often has a tendency to force the bush into active growth, especially if some warm days follow.

or as a place of refuge when the "washing" is cluttering up all the background.

Somewhat similar treatment of a sunken garden can be used where sloping land is a bit of a problem.

By taking out the bottom of the slope, levelling it off, and building a low retaining wall with pockets here and there to hold plants, shrubs or small trees, the slope that has previously baffled the gardener can be broken up.

The paving stone can be treated as in the case of the front patio, leaving crevices to hold mossy, herbaceous and other low-growing plants.

### Wicker Plait



### CONTINENTAL NIGHTS!

Trellises and falling leaves—romance in moon-flooded Vienna gardens—such is the glamorous conception of this exquisite creation. Original, unique—and dressed exclusively for Velmol by the master who dressed the famous hair-style of Greta Garbo; as well as the exotic coiffures of Marlene Dietrich and Elizabeth Bergner.

### "DAMP-SET"... this year's Hair Secret!

"Nothing but the most natural appearance of gracious silky softness! . . . Any grease or stiffness would be fatal to my Wicker-Plait. That's why I am so déssif about the use of Velmol in keeping the hair manageable."—Sperling.

Whether your own style is a soft natural wave, or a delicate cuffure like the "Wicker Plait"—an occasional quick damp-set with VELMOL will keep it in silky precision.

(Just a wet comb . . . and then a few drops brushed through the hair.)

No need to lose that costly set so soon. No need to bunch hair under "nets". Spend just 2/- to-day—for a bottle of VELMOL—at your chemist or toilet counter. Leading hair-stylists now use and recommend VELMOL damp-sets.





## You'll want to try these delicious ECONOMY DISHES

FROM England come these interesting new recipes for wartime economy dishes. Rationing has brought food into the front rank of importance, for meals must continue to be nourishing and appetising. So hostesses and housewives are busy . . . discovering old recipes . . . creating new ones . . . appraising food values . . . and meeting present stringent conditions with a smile and zestful new dishes. Some of these are given below.

LEFT: Our cookery expert prepared two of the English wartime ration dishes which are photographed here—Bacon with Pineapple and Stewed Swedes à la Française. Recipes for both dishes are given on this page.

THE recent chatelaine of No. 10 Downing Street, London, Mrs. Chamberlain, has a reputation as a cook.

She has evolved many new recipes to meet with rationing conditions.

Teatime presents a problem seeing that sugar and butter are rationed, but Mrs. Cham-

berlain has even added cakes made without butter and sugar to her culinary achievements.

Here Mrs. Chamberlain passes some of her recipes on to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Correspondent in London.

### BACON WITH PINEAPPLE

Three or four pounds corner piece of cooked bacon, pineapple juice, slices of tinned pineapple, white breadcrumbs, mustard, salt, and pepper.

Heat the corner of cooked bacon as follows: Make a stiff paste of breadcrumbs, mustard, salt and pepper by moistening with pineapple juice, and spread evenly over top of bacon. Slice pineapple pieces through again to make thinner, and place closely over the paste, securing by sticking cloves here and there. Put in roasting tin in a moderate oven until warmed through. Baste frequently. The piece of bacon when ready to serve should have a brilliantly glazed appearance.

### POMMES A L'ANNE

Line a tart case with shortpaste and half fill with rather stiffly stewed apples. Cover apples with some creamy rice, sugared and mixed with stiffly whipped whites of two eggs (assuming the flan is sufficient for four persons). Bake in usual way and upon taking out of the oven coat with apricot puree and serve.

Small, individual glasses of cold custard are handed round with this.

### CHOCOLATE CAKE

Cream 2oz. margarine with 1oz. golden syrup. Add yolks of 2 eggs. Then add by degrees 2oz. sweetened chocolate powder with which has been mixed 1 dessertspoon ground rice, and put in your favorite flavoring (e.g., grated orange rind).

Lastly fold in two stiffly-whipped whites of eggs. Turn into the usual tin, greased or lined on bottom only, and bake for three-quarters of an hour in a very moderate oven.

Allow cake to cool in tin after baking because of its extreme brittleness when still warm. If stuck to the sides, run palette knife round and turn out on a plate or cooling rack.

### SWEDES A LA FRANCAISE

Procure small swedes, peel, cut into slices, and put into a saucepan with a little water. Boil until tender, then take out of the saucepan.

Thicken their liquor with breadcrumbs, season to taste and stir over the fire for a few minutes. Next, put swedes again over the fire with the beaten yolk of one egg and one teacupful of milk, and then let them simmer at the edge of the fire for five minutes. Then place the swedes on to a hot dish, garnish them with fried sippets of bread.



I KEEP MY WHOLE FAMILY

## SAFE FROM MALNUTRITION

With Sergeant Dan's help it takes me only 5 minutes to prepare a steaming hot breakfast that contains 3 times the nourishment of fresh eggs, twice that of beef steak, and more than any other cereal.

## CREAMOATA DOES NOT HEAT THE BLOOD



Creamoata for breakfast is the best foundation for a hard day's work or play. "Is a sure preventative for malnutrition," says a famous dietitian. Kiddies and husbands relish the delicious nutty flavour of sun-ripened oat kernels pan-toasted to perfection; and three large plates cost only one penny.



SEERGEANT DAN NUTTY FLAVOURED ENERGISING

# CREAMOATA

THE BETTER OAT BREAKFAST

**SERVE A ROSELLA SOUP DAILY**

Like a shot I'm on my way,  
Rosella Soup for lunch to-day.

A steaming delicious plateful of Rosella Tomato Soup—nourishing in tomato goodness, and one of the 14 double strength Rosella Soups. They include:

Vegetable, Celery, Asparagus, Scotch Broth, Pea, Mushroom Mutton Broth, Kidney, Oyster, Mulligatawny, Chicken, Oxtail, Game, Tomato.

**Double Strength Soups**  
— twice as much from every can.





"She's celebrating her twenty-second birthday for the fifth time!"

And why not? A woman is only as old as she looks, and since she discovered the amazing rejuvenating powers of CORINNE ROSE CREAM there's no reason why she shouldn't have a twenty-second birthday for many more years to come. CORINNE ROSE CREAM is absolutely unequalled as a skin food and powder base. Try it and the glory of a perfect complexion will be yours. Large bottle, 2/6; Handy tube, 1/6 everywhere.

**★ FREE SAMPLE**  
AUSTRALIAN COSMETICS PTY. LTD.  
278 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.  
Please send me generous trial bottle of Corinne Rose Cream. I enclose 4d. in stamps and my name and address. W.W. 6/7/40

## For little miss five years KNITTED JUMPER

It's worked in pale pink knitting yarn and has trimmings of navy-blue. An unusual beribboned neck finish gives the garment youthful charm.

To knit this pretty jumper you will need:

**Materials.**—4ozs. Nursery Vinyella knitting yarn, 3-ply, in pale pink, small quantity in navy-blue, 2 No. 10 and 2 No. 12 Vinyella knitting needles, 11 yards of narrow navy-blue ribbon.

**Measurements.**—Length from shoulder to lower edge, 13 inches. Width all round at underarm, 24 inches. Length of sleeve seam, 3 inches.

**Abbreviations.**—K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; ins., inches; rep., repeat.

**Tension.**—7½ sts. to one inch.

### FRONT

With No. 12 needles and pink yarn, cast on 76 sts. and work 2½ ins. in (k 1, p 1) rib. Change to No. 10 needles and continue in st-

st. (1 row plain, 1 row purl), increasing once each end of the 5th and every following 8th row until there are 92 sts. on the needle.

Continue in st-st. without further shaping until work measures 8 ins. from lower edge, ending with a k row. Here cast off for the front opening and commence the patterned yoke thus: P 40, cast off 12 sts. (taking care not to cast off tightly), p to end.

Work on the last 40 sts. as follows:

1st Row: K 19 (p 5, k 5), twice, k 1.

2nd Row: P 1 (p 5, k 5) twice, p 19.

3rd Row: As 1st row. Work 5 rows st-st, then shape armhole thus:

9th Row: Cast off 6 sts. Counting the st. on the right-hand needle, k 8 (p 5, k 5) twice, p 5, k 1.

10th Row: P 1 (k 5, p 5) twice, k 5, p 8, p 2 tog.

11th Row: K 2 tog., k 5 (p 5, k 5) twice, p 5, k 1.

12th Row: P to the last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

13th Row: K 2 tog., knit to the end.

Rep. the 12th and 13th rows once, then the 12th row once (27 sts.).

\*\* 17th Row: K 1 (k 5, p 5) twice, k 5.

18th Row: P 6 (k 5, p 5) twice, p 1.

19th Row: As 17th row.

Work 5 rows st-st.

25th Row: K 1 (p 5, k 5) twice, p 5, k 1.

26th Row: P 1 (k 5, p 5) twice, k 5, p 1.

27th Row: As 25th row.

Work 5 rows st-st. \*\*

From \*\* to \*\* forms one complete pattern. Commencing again with the 17th row, continue in pattern until front opening measures 4½ ins., ending at opening edge.

**To Shape Neck:** Keeping pattern correct, cast off 2 sts., beginning of next row, then k 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until 17 sts. remain. Work 2 rows without shaping, then to shape shoulder cast off 6 sts. at the armhole edge twice, then 5 sts. once.

**Neckband:** With right side of work facing, using No. 10 needles and pink yarn, pick up and knit 18 sts. round the neck. K 1, p 1, k 1 into the corner, then pick up and knit 30 sts. along the front opening. In the next row make holes for the ribbon thus: \* k 1, m 1, k 2 tog. Rep. from \* to end. Continue thus:

1st and Alternate Rows: Knit.

2nd Row: K 33, \* inc. once in each of next 2 sts., k 4. Rep. from \* to end.

4th Row: K 33, \* inc. in next st., k 2, inc. in next st., k 4. Rep. from \* to end.

6th Row: K 33, \* inc. in next st., k 4, inc. in next st., k 4. Rep. from \* to end.

8th Row: K 33, \* inc. in next st., k 6, inc. in next st., k 4. Rep. from \* to end.

9th Row: Knit.

Cast off loosely.

Rejoin yarn at needle point and work on the remaining 40 sts. for right-front to correspond with 1st side. Commence picking up the sts. for the neckband along the front opening, then work the written rows backwards.

### BACK

Work exactly as given for front until there are 92 sts. on the needle, then continue in st-st. without further shaping until work is same depth as front to underarm.

**To Shape Armhole:** Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. both ends of every row until 66 sts. remain. Continue in st-st. without further shaping until armhole is the same depth as front armhole.

**Shape Neck and Shoulders:** Work across 21 sts., cast off 24 sts., work to end. Work in st-st. on last 21 sts., casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge on every row until 5 sts. remain.

Cast off. Work on remaining 21 sts. in the same way.

Continued on Eighth Page, Homemaker Section



KNITTED IN PALE PINK with yoke spots and ribbon in navy-blue, this jumper is a most attractive little garment for the five-year-old girl. Instructions for knitting on this page.



Look, Mother! If Tongue is Coated give this reliable liquid laxative.

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels need attention at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, "stuffy" with cold, throat sore; when the child has sour breath, and won't eat, can't sleep, or has stomach-ache or diarrhoea, remember, a gentle liver and bowel cleansing with 'Calfig' should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals 'Calfig' for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the waste matter, sour bile and fermenting food clogged in the bowels pass out of the system, and you have a healthy and playful child again.

In 'Calfig' you have the health-giving, blood-purifying value of

fruit in safe liquid form. It acts on the bowels like fruit. Its natural action spreads gently throughout the system, relieving the bowels thoroughly yet safely. It establishes a healthy, regular habit and purifies the blood by removing those fever-breeding poisons which cause pimples, rashes and other disfiguring skin eruptions. It sharpens appetite and strengthens digestion so that pale, thin kiddies soon begin to grow plump and rosy cheeked.

Many mothers have adopted the plan of a dose of 'Calfig' once a week. It keeps the child regular, happy and well. And how kiddies love the delicious fruity flavour! See their eyes sparkle when you bring out the bottle! Sold everywhere. Get 'Calfig' today, the laxative your children will love.

**CALIFIG**  
'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'

NATURE'S OWN  
LAXATIVE



Send for Wake's Free Catalogue  
ONE PENNY POSTAGE! Slip the "Mailgram" Coupon only into an unsealed envelope, postage is one penny. It will bring you WAKE'S gloriously illustrated FREE 60-page Catalogue of lovely Winter Fashions. Post your request to-day, because last season 14,900 people were disappointed.

**MAILGRAM**  
WAKE'S Retail Showroom, 489-499 SWANSTON STREET, MELBOURNE. BOX 4535  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
SIZE \_\_\_\_\_

I have enclosed \_\_\_\_\_  
(Money Order, Postal Notes, Cheque, Cash in Reg. Letter)  
SEND BY C.O.D. POST to \_\_\_\_\_  
SEND FOR WAKE'S FREE CATALOGUE (Postage one penny for "Mailgram" Coupon only in unsealed envelope)



## PRIZES for these RECIPES

READERS' favorites, entered in our weekly best recipe competition — an exciting contest open to everybody. Just send us your pet recipe and you may be the winner of one of the cash prizes.

**HIS** competition is simplicity itself. All you have to do to enter is write out your recipe, attach name and address and forward to this office.

If your recipe is awarded first prize you will receive £1. If it is published on this page you will win a consolation prize of 2/6.

So get busy now and write out that recipe.

### CHOCOLATE MINT ROLL

Six tablespoons sifted flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup sifted sugar, 4 egg-whites stiffly beaten, 4 egg-yolks (beaten until thick and lemon colored), 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 squares dark unsweetened chocolate.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift together three times. Fold sugar gradually into egg-whites. Fold in egg-yolks and vanilla. Fold in flour gradually. Then beat in chocolate, gently but thoroughly. Turn into 15 x 10-inch pan which has been greased and lined with paper to within 1/2 inch of edge and again greased.

Bake in hot oven for 13 minutes or until done. Quickly cut off crisp edges of cake and turn out on cloth covered with powdered sugar; remove paper. Spread half of mint frosting over cake and roll as for jelly roll. Wrap in cloth and cool about 5 minutes. Cover with remaining frosting. When frosting is set cover with bitersweet coating, made by melting 2 additional squares of chocolate with 2 teaspoons butter.

**Mint Frosting:** Two egg-whites (unbeaten), 1/4 cups sugar, 11 teaspoons golden syrup, 5 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon peppermint extract.

Combine egg-whites, sugar, water, and syrup in top of double boiler, beating with rotary egg-beater, and cook for 7 minutes or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from boiling water; add peppermint flavoring and beat until thick enough to spread. Add a green coloring to hot frosting to give a delicate tint.

First Prize of £1 to Miss F. Locke, Harmony, Elgin St., Gordon East, N.S.W.

### AUTUMN GOLD

One cup soaked apricots, 3 eggs, 2 cups milk, 1 cup sugar, vanilla essence, apple or red currant jelly.

Stew soaked apricots in a syrup with 1/2 cup sugar, drain fruit carefully. Make a custard, beating eggs and 1/2 cup of sugar together well. Add milk (hot) and essence, pour into a shallow greased baking-dish, stand in a vessel of water in the oven until firm, and when set remove from oven and cool.

Arrange apricots on custard, hollow side up, fill each hollow with 1 teaspoon red jelly and serve cold. Arrange whipped cream on each apricot in pyramids.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Geo. Gosper, Lower Portland, via Windsor, N.S.W.



**HOT FISH PIE**, a delicious way of serving fish in winter-time. A reader's recipe for an unusually appetising fish pie is given on this page to-day.

### DEVILED KIDNEYS

One eschalot, 2oz. butter, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, a little chilli, vinegar, and a little chutney.

Chop eschalot and fry in a saucepan with butter. Mix curry powder with vinegar and add it. Stir well together, then add yolk of egg and stir constantly until mixture makes a fairly thick sauce. Then add chutney and salt. Skin and split kidneys and grill them, taking care not to overdo. Coat with some of the first mixture. Have ready some buttered toast and spread with a little hot chutney. If any cold, cooked ham on hand, chop finely and also spread on the toast. Lay kidneys on it—make very hot in oven or under grill, and serve at once.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Margaret Milson, 210 New Canterbury Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

### CARROT SOUP

Grate finely one good-sized clean fresh carrot, and boil gently in 1 pint of milk until carrot is tender. Then add one tablespoonful of ground rice and 1 dessertspoon of butter. Add pepper and salt to taste. Simmer about 10 minutes, stirring all the time until it thickens.

Dried milk and margarine can be used instead of fresh milk and butter. Serves four persons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to L. A. Wilkins, 15 Murray St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

### SAVORY BATTER SQUARES

One pound (minced) cooked beef, 1 cup mashed potatoes, 1 large onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon capers, 2 tablespoons stock, 4oz. plain flour, 1 pint milk, 1 egg, salt, pepper, and dripping.

Make the milk lukewarm, add it, with the egg, well beaten, to the flour; mix it into a smooth paste, adding a pinch of salt. Thoroughly mix the potato, minced parsley, capers, and onion, finely chopped, together, adding pepper and salt to taste. Moisten with the stock. Put enough dripping into a baking dish melted to make a thin layer on the bottom. Pour into this about one-quarter of the batter, and bake until set. Spread over it evenly the meat mixture; pour over remaining batter. Bake quickly until it rises and sets; then more slowly till cooked—about 35 to 40 minutes in all. Cut into squares with a sharp knife. Place neatly on a meat dish; garnish with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Hanley, 160 Melbourne St., North Adelaide.

### FISH AND OYSTER PIE

One pound cold, boneless fish, 1 cup white sauce, 1 tin oysters (or its equivalent in fresh ones), 2oz. puff paste, or scraps of shortcrust, 1 cup dry breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon butter, pepper and salt to taste.

Put fish, oysters and white sauce in alternate layers in a buttered pie-

dish, sprinkling between the layers with salt, pepper and parsley. Cover with breadcrumbs, dotted with knobs of butter. Cut rolled-out paste into strips, twist, lay on top in rows, and cross with more twisted strips, and bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Quick, 84 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.

### GALLIOLI TEA CAKE

Make mixture for top of cake first: 1 cup flour, 1 cup sugar, pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon of cinnamon, and scant 2oz. of butter.

Rub all together until it looks like breadcrumbs.

Cake Mixture: 2 cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon of butter,



**CARROT SOUP**, nourishing and full of fine flavor. It's ever so easy to make as you will see from the recipe given below.

1 1/2 cups milk, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, pinch of salt.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add eggs and beat well, then sifted dry ingredients and lastly milk. Put into greased and papered baking tin (13in. x 10in. and 2in. deep), sprinkle top mixture over, press in lightly with the flat of the hand and bake in moderate oven about 1 1/2 of an hour. Serve buttered slices when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. B. Furby, Experiment Farm, Glen Innes, N.S.W.

### MAGIC BUTTER

Magic butter is excellent for sandwiches as it lessens the cost, keeps them deliciously fresh, and makes spreading a pleasure.

One pound butter, 1 cup hot (not boiling) water, 1 cup cold water, 1 good teaspoon salt.

Place butter in mixing bowl, break up well, add salt, and gradually add first a little hot water and then a little cold until all water is used up. Beat well. This is very important.

For unusual sandwiches divide mixture in four. Leave one portion

plain. To second portion add one grated onion; to third, add one teaspoon mustard; to last, add one dessertspoon peanut butter. Mix well after adding ingredients. Spread and place in fillings.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. M. Jones, Box 185, Kingaroy, Qld.

### PINEAPPLE CHEESE TOAST

(Unusual Breakfast Dish) Four slices tinned pineapple, 2 heaped tablespoons melted butter, 4 slices buttered toast, 1/2 dessertspoon flour, 1 teaspoon made mustard, 1 pint milk, cayenne, salt, 2oz. cheese.

Dip sliced pineapple in 1 tablespoon melted butter, then lay on hot buttered toast; grill for five minutes. While grilling prepare the following sauce: Melt remainder of butter, mix flour and mustard smoothly. Add milk with pan off the fire; stir sauce till it boils, then season and add grated cheese. Boil for 3 minutes. Pour over pineapple toast and serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. A. Sparkes, 45 Thorold St., Woolowin N3, Brisbane.

## DIGESTION-TIRED—Can't work

### How to get better on Benger's Food

He does not realise he has been digestion-tired for weeks and is under-nourished. We want to introduce him to Benger's Food, for Benger's gives exceptional nourishment with digestive rest. A cup of Benger's is a complete food, rich in all the food elements necessary to maintain vigorous health.

## BENGER'S

The self-digestive Food



### MIXED AND MADE IN HALF A MINUTE

Benger's Food only takes as long to make as half a pint of milk takes to boil. For invalids and infant feeding follow the directions contained in the booklet enclosed with each tin.



**FREE—THESE THREE VALUABLE BOOKS**

"The Truth about Digestive Disorders"  
"How to Get Better on Benger's Food"  
"The Medical and Hygienic Value of Benger's Food"  
These three books, which contain the most complete and up-to-date information on the subject of digestion, are being given away free of charge to all who send for them.

Please fill in the coupon below and send it to the nearest Benger's Food agent or to Benger's Food Co., Ltd., 210, George St., Sydney, for your free copy.

BENGER'S FOOD IS MADE IN CHESHIRE, ENGLAND

**All**

The luscious flavour and Vitamin content of **FRESH TOMATOES**

is in **LEA & PERRINS TOMATO SAUCE**

Ask your grocer.



## Why Colds are 'Common'

Our bodies are like fortresses under constant assault from myriads of germs. We go down with colds and 'flu at this time of year, not necessarily because the attack is more severe than usual but because our defences are less strong.

Due to the shortage of Vitamin B in food, few people are assured of that reserve of vitality which forms the first line of defence against infection.

The sure way to get the 200 extra units of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> every day that doctors insist we need is to take Bemax daily at breakfast. Bemax is the richest natural source of Vitamin B.

It is difficult to emphasize enough the tremendous difference between ordinary foods and such a concentrated yet natural source of Vitamin B as Bemax. Oatmeal porridge, for instance, is sometimes thought of in this connection, but you would need 8 plates of porridge to give the extra 200 units of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> that are provided by one tablespoonful of Bemax.

The 3/6 tin of Bemax from your Chemist or Store lasts a month.

Send card for free copy of "Vitamins and Health" to B. Max (Dept. F31), P.O. Box 367955, Sydney.

## WRITTEN STARS IN THE SKY

### ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

**Cancerians should get busy. This is their time of the year and they should make the most of it.**

**THEY** should press forward with their affairs and try to achieve advancement, general happiness and success.

If planning for a career which is to bring success, or if wondering how to improve individual chances, see to it that in some way your work embraces one of the following avenues of endeavor: Anything which concerns the supplying of domestic goods to the public; specializing in matters which interest women and families generally; anything of a public or popular nature.

Cancerians—those born between June 23 and July 23—belong to a sign which produces queer mixtures. They are shy and sensitive, dreading unpopularity and fearing unfavorable public comment about their ability or actions. At the same time they love to be noticed and to receive favorable publicity.

Therefore they can afford to work for or deal with newspapers, advertising concerns, commercial artists, publicity concerns or departments, and indulge in work of any kind which brings them into friendly contact with the public.

They can also go in for manufacturing or for shop ownership, especially if dealing with musical instruments, furniture or food-stuffs.

There is a most tenacious streak in the Cancerian nature, which makes them very determined about going their own way once they have made a decision. Despite their dread of arguments and unpleasantness, they can stand up for themselves in a way which surprises their associates, and notwithstanding orders or advice to the contrary they can carry on with their own plans with unruffled and confident assurance.

Yet there is a streak of changeableness in them, too, for their

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Be astute and cautious on July 6, 11, 12, and early 13. Trouble will be stalking you then, and carelessness will prove unwise. Take things quietly.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Poor for you on July 7 and 8, but fair on July 9 and 10.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Unpleasant, July 11 and 12 poor, but best.

**CANCER** (June 23 to July 23): Have your plans in readiness, for there are days this week which can be used to good advantage. Be on the lookout for opportunities, but in case they are new in coming start a few for yourself. Make the most of July 6, 11, and 14.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 23): Plan ahead. Meanwhile July 7 and 8 just fair.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): July 9 and 10 can be used to good account in semi-important matters. Go after small advancements.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 23): Try to keep ahead of trouble at this time, for sickness can produce difficulties. Be on special guard against delays, worry, and obstructions on July 8.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Get important matters under way, for you

ruling planet is the Moon, the most mobile and ever-varying planet of all. It brings on spasms of great restlessness in the Cancerian nature, creating a desire to travel, preferably by sea.

Therefore, if a Cancerian owns a business of his own or is employed in a position which allows of travel, make it a habit to intersperse the months of routine with journeys of one kind or another.

If these be impossible, see to it that week-ends and holidays are utilized for drives or visits to the seaside. These will re-energize and increase efficiency.

Another thing, if there is not complete harmony in business and domestic circles, do something about it. Cancerians are not made of the stuff which can thrive where disharmony exists. Peace, mutual regard and generous good cheer must dominate their days if they wish to be successful and happy.

### THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.



**WEDNESDAY, July 3.**—The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party.

**THURSDAY, July 4.**—June Marsden—Astrology for Boys and Girls. Special Advice About Careers.

**FRIDAY, July 5.**—The Australian Women's Weekly Composers' Alphabet.

**SATURDAY, July 6.**—Rhapsodies in Rhythm.

**SUNDAY, July 7.**—Gardening by the Stars and Astrology for the Business Folk. Interpreting Horoscopes of World Personalities.

**MONDAY, July 8.**—The Australian Women's Weekly Composers' Alphabet.

**TUESDAY, July 9.**—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

Even husbands notice—

## PERSIL WASHES WHITER

And the same gentle oxygen-charged suds give you gayer colours, fleecier woollies . . .

How husband's remarks changed family washday



1. "DON'T RUB YOUR CLOTHES—There's no need if only you'll use Persil!" advised Mrs. Ted when Henry's wife mentioned the incident. "Persil gets clothes far whiter." And she explained how she used this grand, easy method for all her clothes.



2. THE FIRST TRIAL of Persil proved it! Glistening whites. Colours as sweet as cherry blossom. Woollies that came up warm and fleecy. Yet not a penny more did it cost!



2 Housewives out of 3 use Persil every washday



3. "THANK YOU DARLING for putting me on to the easiest wash day ever—you've saved me hours of work!" Henry could hardly believe his wife had done a big wash—she seemed so gay and lively.

You must have noticed it among your friends—so many now use Persil. All through Australia it's going on—two housewives out of three won't face their wash without it. For your whites, for coloureds, for flimsy fabrics—there's nothing safer, nothing more thorough. That gentle oxygen action coaxes out every speck of dirt—and wastes no time about it. Millions of oxygen bubbles, likeairy hands, surge suds through your wash till every stitch is sweet and clean. Just try it. With your heavy sheets or the knitted frock that's the apple of your eye—Persil will give a prouder, lovelier wash.



FOR EVERYTHING YOU WASH

## THE DAILY DIARY

most all back and take things quietly in the near future. Meanwhile the stars are definitely favoring most Scorpios and hard work and wisdom can pay good dividends. Make much of July 6 and 12.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Concentrate on routine matters and get your affairs in order ready for better times ahead. July 7 and 8 fair.

**CAPRICORN** (December 23 to January 20): Misjudgments, opposition, partings and loss can be the order of your days if you are unwary at this time. Be cautious, patient, and cheerful on July 11 and 12.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Don't start new affairs of special importance at this time, but get on ordinary ones stabilized. July 11 and 12 mildly favorable.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Happiness and success can increase in the life of most Pisceans at this time, so concentrate on the gains and advancements desired. Work hard and young on July 6 and 12, for planetary radiations favor you strongly then.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## Miss Precious Minutes

To-day she says:—

**TO** wash varnished wallpaper take a pail half full of warm water, add two tablespoonfuls of ammonia. Wash the paper with this, using flannel only. Then take another pail half full of water and add two tablespoonfuls of turpentine, and wash the paper with a chamol leather.

**A** HANDLE continuously banging against the wall will sometimes make an unsightly hole in the plaster. You can remedy matters like this:

Make a very stiff paste of flour and water and fill the hole with this mixture, levelling the surface afterwards. Then take a piece of calico, saturate with paste, and stick it neatly and firmly over the hole and leave it to dry on the wall. Afterwards finish off the repair by painting or papering neatly over the mended hole.

**IF** you have to take out a coffee stain it is best done by rubbing gently with glycerine, then rinsing with tepid water.

**YOU** can make a polishing cloth for brass and other metal ware by soaking a piece of flannel in the following solution: Add to one cup of water 2 tablespoonfuls ammonia, 1 tablespoon common salt and 1 tablespoon powdered rottenstone. Soak cloth for an hour, stirring every 15 minutes, then wring out and dry.

**RUSTY** curtain pins can be brightened for further use if you collect them all together and boil slowly in vinegar in an old saucepan.

**A** TABLESPOON of vinegar added to the water when washing saucepans that have been used for cooking fish or onions will take away any odor or taste.

**NEW** kid gloves are not so likely to split when first put on if you place them between the folds of a damp towel for an hour first. This treatment will soften the gloves and allow them to stretch easily.

## Teething Time comfort



You see the difference that Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders make to your baby at teething time. They cool the blood, ensure regular easy motions, and have a definite comforting action. As a result, baby suffers none of the ill effects which so often occur when cutting the first teeth but retains that natural happy state which means so much to the busy mother.

## ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

Write for a FREE SAMPLE to PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD. POST OFFICE BOX 34, NORTH SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.





FOR CAREFREE TEETH

Use CALVERT'S twice a day for sound, strong, sparkling teeth. Dentists use and recommend powder to keep teeth and mouth really clean.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME  
By a Doctor

## EXERCISE... After forty

**P**ATIENT: Doctor, do you consider it wise to play strenuous games after forty? I'm thinking of taking up tennis. I feel I need some exercise as I am putting on so much weight. But as it is fifteen years or so since I've been on a tennis court, I'd like your advice first.

**DOCTOR:** It is a rather common belief that, if you are approaching middle age and are in good health, but feel a "sluggishness" or a mild "out of sorts" feeling coupled with an increasing waistline, vigorous exercise—tennis, squash, etc.—is the best way "to get in trim."

This is a wholly mistaken idea. Only the foolish or muscular giants indulge in vigorous exercise after the age of forty—unless, of course, they have been doing that sort of thing since youth, thereby keeping constantly fit.

But to take up strenuous exercise late in life does far more harm than good.

Often a business man or woman who leads a decidedly sedentary life goes on a vacation and takes part in some game which taxes the reserve energies to the utmost. The same applies to a woman who has been used only to household routine.

Or these same people may take an ill-advised course of vigorous gymnastics to reduce weight and "get into trim." Such endeavors frequently produce great harm.

### Over-exertion

**F**EW doctors recall any instances in which too little exercise has resulted disastrously, but many indeed can recall instances in which tragic consequences have followed over-exertion in middle life.

The famous Carnegie Foundation in U.S.A. says in one of its Health bulletins: "The notion appears to be widespread that exercise in general and athletics in particular constitute a sort of panacea for all forms of illhealth from flat foot to melancholia."

No man or woman needs enormous muscular development. Such enlarged muscles are a decided disadvantage when one gets past forty, for they throw more work on the heart, lungs and digestive system than these would normally be called on to do.

What the great majority of middle-aged folk need is plenty of rest with mild exercise in moderation. Some of the simple rhythmic exercises for instance, specially designed for women, should do no harm as long as they do not cause over-exertion.

### For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

#### Various skin blemishes

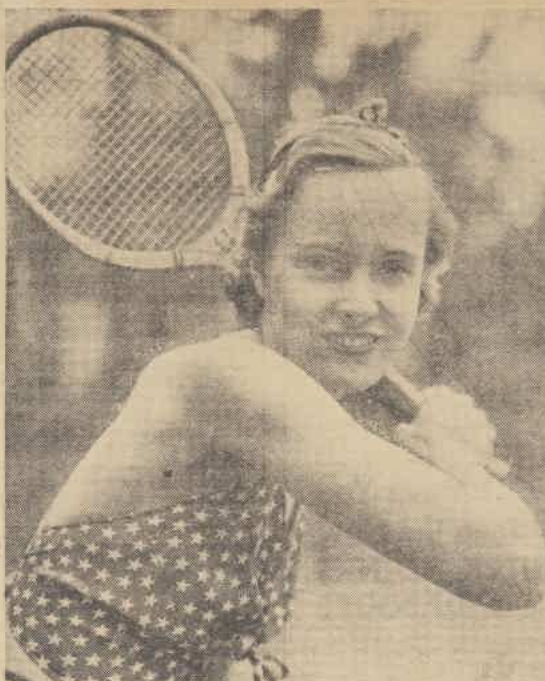
**A** CLEAR, healthy skin without a blemish is not only one of the signs of good nutrition, but is every baby's birthright, and is a joy to every young mother who is jealously proud of her baby's beauty.

Quite often, however, the petal-like bloom of a baby's skin is marred by unsightly spots and rashes, which not only spoil the natural beauty of the skin, but cause the baby intense irritation and discomfort, and often upset his nervous system.

A leaflet dealing with the cause and the treatment of some of the simple skin rashes which are often met with in infancy and early childhood has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau.

Any reader interested in this subject can obtain a copy free by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please enclose your envelope "Mothercraft."



**VIGOROUS EXERCISE**, such as tennis, is good for you if you are young like this girl. But if you are approaching middle life don't take up strenuous games for the first time.

There is a very definite reason why you should restrict physical exertion after forty. As you get older your capacity to produce free energy is lessened.

By free energy is meant the energy which you can create in excess of the basal or vital energy—that is, the energy which is needed merely to keep the human machine alive.

The amount of free energy which you can create is an index of the amount of work which you can do.

The normal human being is capable of producing the greatest amount of free energy per unit of time between the ages of 18 and 25 years. That explains why youth is capable of withstanding terrific physical strain, often with little sleep, for fairly long periods.

After 25 there is a slight decline until 30 or 32, when the capacity remains on a level until 35 or 37. After 37, the free energy output is very gradually lessened until the 40th year, when the decline becomes more definite, continuing to decrease with each year until the end of middle life (at 70), when it may remain at low ebb for years.

### Energy decline

**T**HE reason for this decline with the years lies in the fact that the various tissues, organs and systems of the body deteriorate with time. No one would expect a motor car after ten years' good service to be capable of travelling the same mileage per hour or of producing the same spurts of speed as when it was new.

Golf is a good exercise for the middle-aged because it is a really glorified form of walking. It should not, however, be allowed to become too strenuous. To play nine holes instead of 18 may evince considerable wisdom at times.

Swimming is also a splendid form of exercise for the middle-aged because the buoyancy of the water greatly lessens the amount of energy needed to propel the body.

Horseback riding, fishing, hunting and gardening may warrant consideration in some cases.

Tennis, especially singles, handball and squash are best placed on the black list for middle-aged folk except in cases where individuals have been playing these vigorous games continuously.

But certain it is that it is the height of folly for one in middle life who has not played any vigorous games since 25 or 30 to take up these sports.

If you feel you must exercise then indulge in some gentler form, such as walking, swimming or mild setting-up exercises. But no matter what the exercise never allow yourself to become short of breath or unduly fatigued.

It is wise to be guided in your choice of exercise by your family doctor.

Every little Rabbit, whether young or old—  
Is better far with "GRAVOX"  
In PIE or STEW or MOULD.

with **GRAVOX**  
THE IDEAL  
GRAVY MAKER  
FOR ALL MEATS

MADE BY KILBARD PTY. LTD.  
BENDIGO, VICTORIA

AUSTRALIAN-MADE

**SHE'S Glad SHE CHANGED TO 'NUGGET' POLISH**

*Because her shoes keep bright all day*

**NUGGET SHOE POLISH**  
The Great Leather Preserving

NG.10

**In Black, Dark Tan Stain, Blue, Etc.**

## BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

### Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood, causing nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent and scanty passages with smarting and burning show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist or state for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS today—the remedy that will make you well and keep you well.

## If Your Ears Ring with Head Noises.

If you have roaring, buzzing noises in your ears, are getting hard of hearing and fear Catarrhal Deafness, go to your chemist and get 10c of Parment (double strength), and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little, and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal trouble of the ears, is hard of hearing, or has head noises should give this prescription a trial.





### Have You Seen the New CUTEX HIJINKS and GADABOUT?

In tune with the newest and brightest of feminine fashions are these new Cutex shades, a bright clear red and a bright red-pink. Other Cutex shades, Cameo, Cedarwood, Tulip, Old Rose, Laurel, among others, remain great favourites.

All shades are made in a new polish that gives longer wear with no sign of chipping or peeling. Ask to see the entire range of smart Cutex shades.

## CUTEX

*Salon Polish*



## WHO ARE TODAY'S CHILDREN?

Listen to . . .

## 2GB

Mon., Tues., Wed. . . . 7.45 p.m.  
(Commencing July 8)

Listen to the WAR NEWS on 2GB: 6.50, 7.45, 10.30 a.m.; 12.45, 4.15, 6.0 (Sat. and Sun. only), 7.0, 9.30, and 11.15 p.m.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 188-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

## Collar and matching cuffs

● Fresh charm in this new dress set in linen or organdie. Ideal for giving new life to your older frocks.

THIS collar and cuff set pictured on the right is one of the prettiest imaginable.

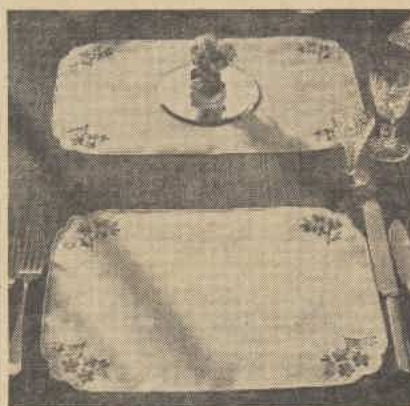
It's easy to work, too, in matching or contrasting cottons. The set can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced ready for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen, or on white, green, yellow or blue organdie.

The price of the complete set is 1/6, plus 1d. for postage. Stranded cottons for working in any shade desired may also be obtained from our Needlework Department for 21d. a skein.

Do the embroidery work in buttonhole-stitch and french knots or eyelets, as you desire. Before attempting to cut the material be sure to press work thoroughly.

These sets are delightful worked in self colors, that is, white cottons on white linen, blue on blue, and so on. And they look well when worn to either match or contrast with the frock.

Perhaps the contrasted effect is the more popular, such as cream or yellow on a brown frock.



WORKED in the gayest color scheme on linen or organdie, a luncheon or supper set, including centre-piece and plate mats.



Needle-  
work  
Notions

SO CRISP and young looking—a collar and cuff set obtainable traced for working in linen or organdie.

## Supper set in daisy design

THIS luncheon or supper set is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen, or on white, blue, green or yellow organdie.

The centre mat measures 11 by 17 inches; the plate mats, 8 by 11 inches; cup and saucer mats, 5 by 5 inches; and serviettes, 11 by 11 inches.

Prices are: Nine-piece set, comprising one centre, four plate mats, and four cup and saucer mats, 5/9 complete.

Thirteen-piece set, comprising one centre, six plate mats and six cup and saucer mats, 1/9 complete.

Or bought separately, prices are: Centre, 11 by 17 inches, 2/-; Plate mats, 8 by 11 inches, 1/-; Cup and saucer mats, 5 by 5 inches, 6d.

Serviettes, 11 by 11 inches, 1/-.

To do the embroidery you will need the following Anchor stranded cottons: Two skeins F.610, dark ecru; one skein each F.480, dark sky-blue; F.490, dark canary-yellow; F.497, light grass-green; F.584, light cyclamen; F.585, cyclamen; F.605, periwinkle-blue; F.606, dark periwinkle-blue; F.764, light butcher-blue; F.767, light french-blue; F.769, pastel-blue; and F.771, billiard-green. Price, 21d. a skein from our Needlework Department.

Use three strands for running-stitch and two strands for rest of embroidery. Edges are buttonholed, but if desired these may be obtained spoke-stitched for crochet finish. State edge required when ordering.

For addresses, Needlework Departments, see pattern page.

## Knitted Jumper for Little Miss Five-year-old

Continued from Fourth Page, Homemaker Section.

Neckband: With right side of work facing, using No. 10 needles and pink yarn, pick up and knit 34 sts, evenly round the neck. In next row make holes for ribbon thus: \* K 1, m 1, k 2 tog. Rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

Continue thus:—

1st and Alternate Rows: Knit.

2nd Row: \* K 4, inc. once in each of next 2 sts. Rep. from \* to last 4 sts., k 4.

4th Row: \* K 4, inc. in next st., k 2, inc. in next st. Rep. from \* to last 4 sts., k 4.

6th Row: \* K 4, inc. in next st., k 4, inc. in next st. Rep. from \* to last 4 sts., k 4.

8th Row: \* K 4, inc. in next st., k 6, inc. in next st. Rep. from \* to last 4 sts., k 4.

9th Row: Knit.

Cast off loosely.

Sleeves: With No. 12 needles and pink yarn, cast on 62 sts, and work 1 inch in (k 1, p 1) rib.

Next Row: \* Rib 6, inc. in next st. Rep. from \* to last 6 sts., rib 6. (70 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in pattern as follows:—

\* 1st Row: \* K 5, p 5. Rep. from \* to end.

Rep. this row twice, then work 5 rows st-st.

9th Row: \* P 5, k 5. Rep. from \* to end.

Rep. 9th row twice, then work 5 rows st-st. \*\*

Rep. from \*\* to \*\* until work measures 3 inches from lower edge, then keeping pattern correct, shape top thus: K 2 tog. at both ends of every alternate row until 30 sts. remain, then k 2 tog. both ends of every row until 16 sts. remain. Cast off.

To Make Up: Press work carefully under a damp cloth with a hot iron. Join side and shoulder seams, joining back neckband to front neckbands, at the same time as shoulders. Join sleeve seams and sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam, arranging fullness in a pleat on each side of shoulder seams. Sew lower edges of front bands to the 12 cast off sts. in centre front and stitch edges of front, opening neatly together for about 2 inches.

Thread ribbon through the holes on either side of the front openings, stitching it in position at top and bottom. Now thread ribbon through holes at neck to tie in a bow in front. Using the navy-blue yarn, embroider the pattern on yoke and sleeves by catching together the centre of each block of puri sts. Work each block separately, fastening off the yarn invisibly at the back.

## Skin Irritations

### QUICKLY CLEARED with IODEX

For itchy, irritable, pimply skins Iodex has been used with remarkable success. Depending for its efficacy on its antiseptic iodine content, Iodex quickly relieves the itching and burning of eczema and other skin irritations. In stubborn cases you should see your doctor.



Skin Eruptions. Read this letter:— "I had some very bad pimples, and Iodex was recommended to me. I applied it to the sores, and the pimples vanished in three days and no trace was left."



Ringworm. A letter from West Wyalong says:— "I found Iodex ever so much better to use than iodine. My little boy had sores all over his face through handling a dog with ringworm. I smeared Iodex on the sores three or four times, and they quite healed up."

FREE! Write for valuable Iodex First Aid Book. Every home should have one. The Iodex Co., Box 34, P.O., North Sydney.

## IODEX

NO-STAIN IODINE

Price 2/- from all chemists





THIS OLD HOUSE in old English style has been rejuvenated with paint. The exterior brick walls have been painted cream, and the woodwork dark brown. The roof is now a variegated rust and brown tone and sun blinds show gay colored stripes.

## Exterior Color Schemes

● Consider the outside appearance of your home. A well-chosen color scheme can lift your house far above the commonplace. It can transform drabness into distinction and charm.



ABOVE: Picturesque home with exterior walls of natural stone and cement in their natural creamy tones. This type of wall mellowes, rather than wears, with age. Woodwork is painted white and shutters and roof are green.

LEFT: Modern home with the popular cream-finished exterior. Interest and color are provided here by the chimney, which is carried out in varicolored bricks.

WHEN you plan an exterior color scheme for a new home or one to rejuvenate an old house, remember it has to do two things—stand up to the weather and please the eye.

The use of brick and tile in different combinations often solves both problems, for, in addition to wearing qualities, there is infinite variety in the colors and proportions of these materials.

Colors include white, cream, buff,

### By OUR HOME DECORATOR

pink, light red, terra-cotta, golden-brown, plum, purple, and many intermediate shades.

Ordinary brick, stucco, and concrete can be painted, while much external wood and metal work need paint for protection. All can be treated together to make an effective and lasting color scheme.

For instance, brick walls colored

cream could have slightly darker bricks introduced here and there.

Touchees of green could be introduced into the architraves round the door and window frames with the shutters, door, and fascia boards painted slightly darker than the walls.

The whole would be capped by a roof consisting of green tiles. Cream walls and wrought ironwork make another decorative exterior, especially with horizontal strips of natural brick for contrast.

The roof could be of a brown tile to match the brick strips, and the same color would be repeated in the door and window frames.

A third suggestion would look effective in the case of a brick house. Here the roof tiles would give a varied effect of the same brick color, and the woodwork would be stained a very dark brown.

Sometimes, however, the best-planned color schemes suffer on account of the shortcomings in the work which has preceded. Decoration, especially for a new house, often takes place under rushed conditions without proper time intervals which are essential for the drying and maturing of the various paints.

### Preparatory care

THERE are also other factors which, unless they are recognised and care is taken to deal adequately with them, may result in a lower standard of finish. The presence of dampness and excessive resin in timber, for instance, may give rise to blistering.

Insufficient preparation and priming of rusty ironwork may lead to premature breakdown of subsequent paint applications. Dampness and chemical action in the plaster work may cause other defects in the decoration.

In painting new woodwork, it must be quite dry and well-seasoned. One coat of a good priming paint comes first, making good with hard stopping where necessary. This coat is to stop all absorption so that twenty-four hours should be allowed for hardening. The second coat will consist of a good quality paint, thinned with turpentine, and then a third coat is applied after allowing at least twenty-four hours between coats, rubbing down before applying the new coat. Then comes the finish in a good glossy paint.

New concrete should be allowed to stand six months in order to dry thoroughly. Then it can be cleaned down and painted. Brickwork requires the same time to allow ageing of the mortar joints.

# DYNAMEL

## THAT CUPBOARD!

Dynamel the outside of the cupboard in a gay, cheery color.

Dynamel the inside shelves in cream or white so that you can see what you're doing.

### Dynamel is better than enamel

Dynamel dries twice as fast—twice as hard. Lasts twice as long. It levels itself out so you always get a mirror-smooth gloss. Dynamel is so hard it can be scrubbed again and again.

See for yourself. Dynamel your kitchen chair. It's easy. It's fascinating. 30 lovelier colors on Taubmans Dynamel Color Chart at all paint shops. Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel.

### FREE TWO BOOKS ON HOME DECORATION

Anna Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.  
Please send me free your enlarged book "The Colorful Home," together with your new book "All About Kitchen." I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

Name

Address

A.43

# POWDER

## MADE TO ORDER!



### POND'S NEW IMPROVED FACE POWDER — MADE TO YOUR OWN SPECIAL REQUESTS!

We interviewed thousands of Australian women just like yourself and asked them this question: "If you were having your face powder made to order, which features would you want most?" Their answer was: 1. The softest, finest texture possible. 2. Powder that clings for hours and hours. 3. A glareproof powder that is flattering out in the bright sunshine, or under

dazzling electric lights. 4. Powder in a wide choice of skin tones.

Now, in Pond's new improved Powder you get every one of these features! All we ask is for you to try it and judge for yourself. There are six attractive shades for you to choose from. Pond's new improved Powder is sold at all chemists and stores, only 1/6 or 2/6 a box.

### NEW IMPROVED

## POND'S

## FACE POWDER

Choose your shade from the range at your local chemist or store





"I thank my lucky stars  
he gave me a  
**PHILIPS**  
radioplayer"

Stop me if I seem to brag . . .  
but can you hear our Radioplayer?  
Isn't it a beauty? No tinny little tinkle  
about that, is there? It's got tons of punch! . . .  
enough to knock the house down, even when we  
tune direct to London! Do we get overseas stations?  
Why, that's "Frisco now!"  
"Am I thrilled? Listen, when that new Radioplayer  
was unpacked, I could only say 'Wacko! Now we've  
really got a radio!' It looks simply a dream  
. . . sounds just glorious! You wish you had one?  
Listen to me, my girl, wishing won't get it! You've  
got to act!"  
"Drag the husband over here tonight and let him  
listen to ours. Then you can spend the rest of the  
evening listening to him telling you it's time you  
bought a Radioplayer. How do I know? I've seen  
what happens to men who hear a Radioplayer!"  
Think it's time you had a Radioplayer too?  
Remember, it's as seductive as the Siren's Song  
when it gets under way! There's not a man alive  
who can resist if you fix things so that he HEARS  
one!

Just arrange a demonstration with your nearest  
Philips Retailer. See how easy it is to tune to even  
the most distant local and overseas stations. Learn  
what it means to listen, with all the modern Philips  
features that give you new Audioscopic Reproduc-  
tion. Make your choice from a comprehensive  
range that offers mantel and console models of  
every type and size . . . and you'll thank your  
lucky stars that just a hint will get you a new  
Philips Radioplayer. Mail the Coupon NOW!

**PHILIPS . . . THE LARGEST RADIO  
ORGANISATION IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.**

Philips Lamps (Asia) Pty. Ltd.\*

- Please arrange for a free demonstration  
in my home of a 1940 Radioplayer.
- Please send me complete illustrated  
literature on the 1940 Radioplayers.

\*Mail to:- Sydney, G.P.O. Box 7203C; Melbourne, G.P.O.  
Box 428; Brisbane, G.P.O. Box 445F; Adelaide, G.P.O.  
Box 1327H; Perth, G.P.O. Box 778B; Hobart, G.P.O. Box 117E.

NAME

ADDRESS

OR-16, W.W. 67-40